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CRIME

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THE MAGAZINE WITH THE
WIDEST RANGE OF APPEAL!



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BONNIE PARKER

FEMALE PUBLIC ENEMY #1

SHE SAID, "GIVE ME LIPSTICK, A CIGAR AND AN AUTOMATIC— THEN I'M HAPPY!"



MOST CRIMINALS MURDER ONLY TO SAVE THEMSELVES, BUT CLYDE BARROW AND HIS CIGAR-SMOKING MOLL, BONNIE PARKER, MURDERED OUT OF SHEER CRUELTY! LOOK AT WHAT THEY ACCOMPLISHED FOR ME, EVEN WHILE THEY WERE STILL LEARNING!

A TRUE CRIME STORY

CRIME

WANTED!!

FOR MURDER...CLYDE BARROW—THIS MAN SHOT A HILLSBORO, TEXAS MERCHANT IN THE BACK DURING A ROBBERY THAT NETTED FORTY DOLLARS.

FOR MURDER... BONNIE PARKER—CLYDE BARROW— RAY HAMILTON—THIS TRIO KILLED TWO POLICE OFFICERS, WHO TRIED TO QUESTION THEM AT AN ATOKA, OKLAHOMA, DANCE.

FOR SHOOTING... BONNIE PARKER - CLYDE BARROW— THIS PAIR SHOT THEIR WAY OUT OF AMBUSH AND SERIOUSLY WOUNDED THREE POLICE-MEN

FOR THEFT... BONNIE PARKER—CLYDE BARROW— SOUGHT BY THE POLICE OF SIX STATES FOR THEFTS OF TWENTY AUTOMOBILES

THE DEATH-STREWN TRAIL PARKER AND BARROW BLAZED MADE EVEN OTHER CRIMINALS LABEL THEM THOROUGH-GOING RATS AND THE OFFICERS WHO FINALLY TRAPPED THEM, TREATED BONNIE AND CLYDE LIKE THE RATS THEY WERE, WIPING THEM OUT BEFORE THEY HAD A CHANCE TO OPEN FIRE, WHICH THEY TRIED TO DO!



IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PEOPLE INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF SOME CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS TRIE MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS.
the editors

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PRETTY COLD-BLOODED, WEREN'T THEY—THAT'S ONLY A BRIEF PICTURE OF CLYDE BARROW AND BONNIE PARKER, THOUGH! KILLING WAS PART OF LIVING TO THEM—JUST LIKE RAISING A FAMILY AND HONEST WORK IS TO YOU! IF YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW THE REST OF THEIR STORY, WHICH OF COURSE, IS WORTH YOUR STRICT ATTENTION, I'LL IT TELL YOU!

LET'S TURN THE CLOCK BACK, TO... SAY... OCTOBER, 1932. AT SHERMAN, TEXAS! IT WAS NEAR CLOSING TIME FOR THE DUDLEY BUTCHER SHOP—OUTSIDE STOOD TWO MEN! THE ONE ON YOUR RIGHT IS CLYDE BARROW! HIS FRIEND IS RAY HAMILTON! THEY'RE OUT TO BRING HOME SOME BACON!

CLYDE, WHAT MAKES YA THINK THERE'S ANY REAL DOUGH IN A BUTCHER SHOP? CLOSIN' TIME OR NOT?

TWO REASONS— ONE: THIS IS A RITZY NEIGHBORHOOD, BIG ORDERS OF FILET MIGNONS AN' STUFF LIKE THAT—AN' TWO: THE OWNER IS AS OLD AS RIP VAN WINKLE, WHICH NEEDS NO EXPLAININ'!



OUT OF MY WAY, GRANDPA! LET'S SEE WHAT YA GOT IN THAT REGISTER! WE'RE MONEY INSPECTORS FROM THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT!

MONEY INSPECTORS? THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THINGS! SAY...

YOU'RE ROBBERS! BUT YOU'RE NOT SCARING ME! GET OUT OF HERE, YOU... OHHH...

HEY, RAY, STEP BACK, AN' GIMME A CLEAN SHOT AT 'IM!

I HAD A HUNCH YOU WERE WRONG, CLYDE! BUTCHERS DON'T TAKE IN MUCH! LOOK AT THIS—TWENTY-FOUR LOUSY BUCKS! YOU'D THINK THE OLD PRUNE HAD A MILLION THE WAY HE HOLLERED!

WHAT? COXX COXX!! HE MUST'VE JUST MADE A DEPOSIT! HOW WAS I TO KNOW? LET'S BREEZE OUTTA HERE!



THAT'S MY BOY! TERRIFIC, AIN'T HE?

YA SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, MISTER!



THE COPS IS GONNA RAISE AN AWFUL STINK ABOUT THIS SHOOTIN'! WHAT SAY WE HEAD FOR KANSAS CITY—MY GAL, BONNIE'LL PUT US UP THERE FOR A STRETCH!

YOU'RE WASTIN' YOUR TALENT, CLYDE, MY BOY! WHY NOT GET SMART! BANKS HAVE A LOT MORE MONEY, WITH NOT MUCH MORE SHOOTING!

THAT SUITS ME! ANYTHING YOU SAY, RAY!



"THREE DAYS LATER THEY ARRIVED AT A CHEAP KANSAS CITY RESTAURANT..."

YOU TWO ARE GONNA LIKE EACH OTHER! BONNIE, THIS IS CLYDE BARROW! CLYDE, MEET BONNIE PARKER!

HOW'DY, BONNIE!

WHERE YOU BEEN?



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WE JUST DROVE IN FROM SHERMAN, TEXAS! I GOTTA FIND A GOOD SPOT FOR OUR CAR—IT'S HOT! CLYDE'LL KEEP YOU ENTERTAINED TILL I GET BACK!

HE SURE WILL, RAY, SO DON'T HURRY BACK!

I'M GETTING TIRED OF THIS JOINT! WHY DON'T YOU AND RAY LET ME IN ON SOME OF YOUR JOBS? I CAN HANDLE A GUN!

NOT A BAD IDEA, BABY, I'D LIKE IT! BUT WHAT'S RAY GONNA SAY WHEN HE FINDS OUT THAT WE GO FOR EACH OTHER?

YOU WORK FAST, DON'T YOU—FAST ON TRIGGER ACTION, JUST LIKE A GUN! I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE YOU, EVEN IF YOU ARE CONCEITED!

SHE'S SOFT ON CLYDE AND SHE CAN HANDLE A GUN! WHAT A FORMULA FOR ACTION! HERE WE GO!

GET INTO YOUR BEST RAGS, BONNIE—WE'RE STEPPIN' OUT! CLYDE WON'T MIND—WE CAN MEET HIM LATER! HOW ABOUT THAT, CLYDE? HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, BONNIE, SEE IF YOU CAN GET A GIRL FOR CLYDE, HUH?

CLYDE'S GOT A GIRL, HAVEN'T YA, CLYDE? HIM AN' ME IS GONNA MEET YOU LATER, ISN'T THAT RIGHT, CLYDE?

YOU HEARD HER, RAY! WHAT ARE YOU GONNA MAKE OF IT?

WHY, YOU PAIR OF DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RATS! I'M DONE WITH BOTH OF YA—AN' AS FOR YOU, BARROW, THE NEXT TIME I SEE YOU, YOU BETTER BE CARRYIN' PLENTY OF INSURANCE, BECAUSE I'M GONNA KILL YA!

YOU'RE GONNA DO WHAT?

SHUT UP, BOTH OF YOU, AND PUT YOUR RODS BACK! NO ONE'S KILLIN' NO ONE! THIS IS STRICTLY BUSINESS, SO CAN THE BIG TALK!

MAKE WITH THE TALK AN' MAKE IT GOOD—WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS?

NOW, THAT'S WHAT I CALL DIRECT ACTION! I'M BEGINNING TO LIKE HER MORE EVERY MINUTE! MAYBE SHE'LL GET THE BOYS OUT OF THEIR PENNY-ANTE GAME!

YOU HEARD HER, RAY—SHUT UP AND LISTEN! THERE'S A RAILROAD STATION AT GRAND PRAIRIE, TEXAS! WE'RE GONNA BUST IT WIDE OPEN—THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GONNA TALK ABOUT! YOU WERE GONNA BE BE IN ON IT, TOO!

THAT'S DIFFERENT!

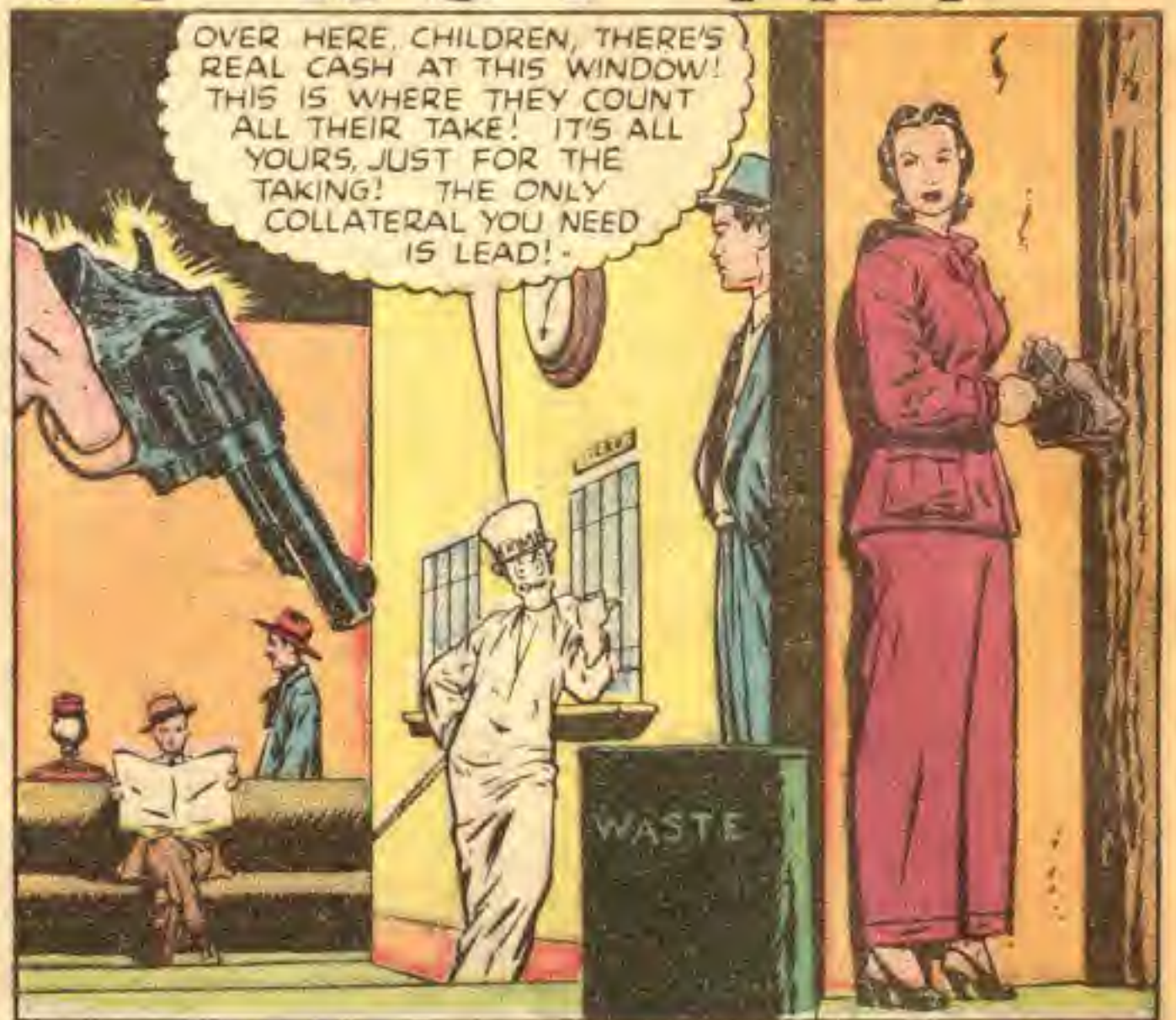
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I'M NOT COMIN' ALONG JUST FOR THE RIDE! HOW ABOUT A GUN FOR ME? DON'T YOU GUYS GO GETTIN' THE IDEA THAT I'M JUST GONNA STOUGE FOR YA!

THAT'S IT, BONNIE, GET A GUN! USE IT EVERY TIME — JUST LIKE CLYDE! SHOW 'EM YOU'RE TOUGH!

IT'S OKAY WITH ME, IF IT'S OKAY WITH CLYDE!



OVER HERE, CHILDREN, THERE'S REAL CASH AT THIS WINDOW! THIS IS WHERE THEY COUNT ALL THEIR TAKE! IT'S ALL YOURS, JUST FOR THE TAKING! THE ONLY COLLATERAL YOU NEED IS LEAD!



YOU KNOW WHAT WE WANT! GET IT UP ON THE COUNTER, QUICK! ALL OF IT!

I'LL KILL THE FIRST ONE THAT MAKES A MOVE! ANYONE DON'T BELIEVE ME?



YOU MOVED! THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR TRYING TO MAKE ME OUT A LIAR!

OHHH.. UGHH..

GOOD! GOOD! SHOOT SOME MORE OF 'EM! MAKE MY OLD HEART HAPPY!



IF I HAD MORE TIME, I'D KILL EVERY ONE OF YA!

PLEASE, DON'T SHOOT ME! EEEIII...

OOOHH!!



THIS IS MY LAST JOB WITH YOU TWO! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! YOU'RE BOTH TOO RICH FOR MY BLOOD! THEY HANG AWFUL EASY IN TEXAS, AN' I'M NOT READY YET!

..ONLY IF THEY CATCH US — AND WE AIN'T AIMIN' TO BE CAUGHT! WHAT'S THE MATTER, RAY? FEELIN' A LITTLE YELLOW TODAY, RAY?



YELLOW, NOTHIN'! YOU'RE BOTH GUN HAPPY! I'M TAKIN' MY SPLIT AN' GITTIN'! THEN I DON'T CARE IF YOU BLOW EACH OTHER'S HEADS OFF!

OH, NOW, HAMILTON, CLYDE AND BONNIE HAVE A GREAT FUTURE! WHILE IT LASTS, THAT IS, SO THINK IT OVER!

I WAS JUST GONNA ASK YA IF YA WOULDN'T MIND GETTIN' OUT RIGHT HERE! THREE'S A CROWD!

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THE TWO WERE HAPPY AS LARKS, WHEN RAY QUIT THEIR TEAM! I GOT A BIG LAUGH AT TEMPLE, TEXAS, THAT DAY IN 1932! I KNEW THEN THAT I HAD BONNIE PEGGED RIGHT—SHE WANTED VARIETY AND EXCITEMENT AND THE COST WAS CHEAP AT ANY PRICE!

CLYDE, DON'T YOU THINK A GIRL AS TOUGH AS ME OUGHT TO SMOKE CIGARS? LET ME TRY ONE!

HUH? ARE YOU NUTS?

SAY, THIS AIN'T BAD AT ALL! IT'S GOT CIGARETTES BEAT!

IT'LL GET YA SICK AS A PIG! LISSEN, IT'S GETTIN' TOWARDS CHRISTMAS, AN' I WANNA GO HOME AN' SEE MY FOLKS, BUT WE GOTTA SNATCH A CAR, FIRST! THE CRATE WE GOT IS ALL SHOT UP!

FOR PETE'S SAKE, CLYDE, WILL YA HUSTLE IT UP? HOW LONG DO YOU EXPECT WE CAN STAND HERE? THE OWNER IS LIABLE TO SHOW UP ANY MINUTE!

I CAN'T HELP IT! THE *%&@!!@!! KEY IS JAMMED! I CAN'T TURN THE LOCK! KEEP WATCHIN'!

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY CAR?

OH, OH, WHAT AN AWFUL TIME IT WOULD BE TO GET CAUGHT—RIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS! WOULDN'T IT BE A SHAME, AND FOR ONLY CAR STEALING, TOO!

WHAT DO YA MEAN, YOUR CAR? IT'S OURS, SUCKER, BECAUSE WE'RE TAKIN' IT! THANKS FOR THE KEYS!

UGH!!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? THE CHUMP EVEN HAD HIS KEYS READY! NOW GET IT OPEN, CLYDE, AN' LET'S BREEZE!

SURPRISE, MA? I BROUGHT MY FIANCEE, BONNIE, ALONG! THE SWELLEST GIRL YOU EVER MET—JUST LIKE YOU MUSTA BEEN, MAW!

CLYDE! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU!

YOU DIDN'T KNOW I WAS A MUSICIAN, DID YOU, BONNIE? WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO PLAY?

"IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL!"

CLYDE PLAYS THE SAX BEAUTIFULLY! I ALWAYS WANTED HIM TO TAKE HIS MUSIC SERIOUSLY. BUT HE COULDN'T SEE ENOUGH MONEY IN IT!

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HELLO, MAW!
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
HIYA, CLYDE! LONG
TIME NO SEE! WHERE
YA BEEN?

BUCKIE! JUST
THE GUY I WANNA
SEE! BONNIE, THIS
IS MY BROTHER
BUCK AN' HIS
WIFE, ETHEL!



NOW THAT MAW'S GONE TO
BED, WE CAN TALK! BONNIE
AN' I'VE BEEN TALKIN' IT
OVER, BUCK! HOW ABOUT
YOU AN' ETHEL TEAMIN'
UP WITH US? THERE'S A
LOT OF BIG DOUGH JUST
BEGGIN' TO BE KNOCKED
OFF, AN' WE'RE THE
ONES TO DO IT!

YOU NEVER GAVE ME A
BUM STEER, CLYDE! IF
IT'S OKAY WITH ETHEL,
YOU CAN COUNT ME IN!
DID YOU HAVE ANY-
THING SPECIAL
IN MIND?

OF
COURSE, IT'S
OKAY WITH
ME!

WELL, MAYBE NOW AT LAST,
THEY'LL GET OUT OF THE NICKEL
AND DIME CLASS AND IT'S
ABOUT TIME!



WILL YA PLEASE
GET THE LEAD
OUTTA YOUR
PANTS, BUCK, AN'
GET IN HERE
FAST!



BOY, WAS THAT BANK
BUZZIN' WITH BULLS!
'HOW MUCH DID
WE GET?

THAT'S
SMALL
MATTER NOW!
THEY'RE HOT
ON OUR
TAILS!



I WAS RIGHT!! CLYDE!
BUCK! GET THEM
LIGHTS OUT! THERE'S
COPS OUTSIDE!

COPS?
@*#!x!!!
NOW HOW ARE
WE GONNA GET
OUT OF THIS
PLACE?



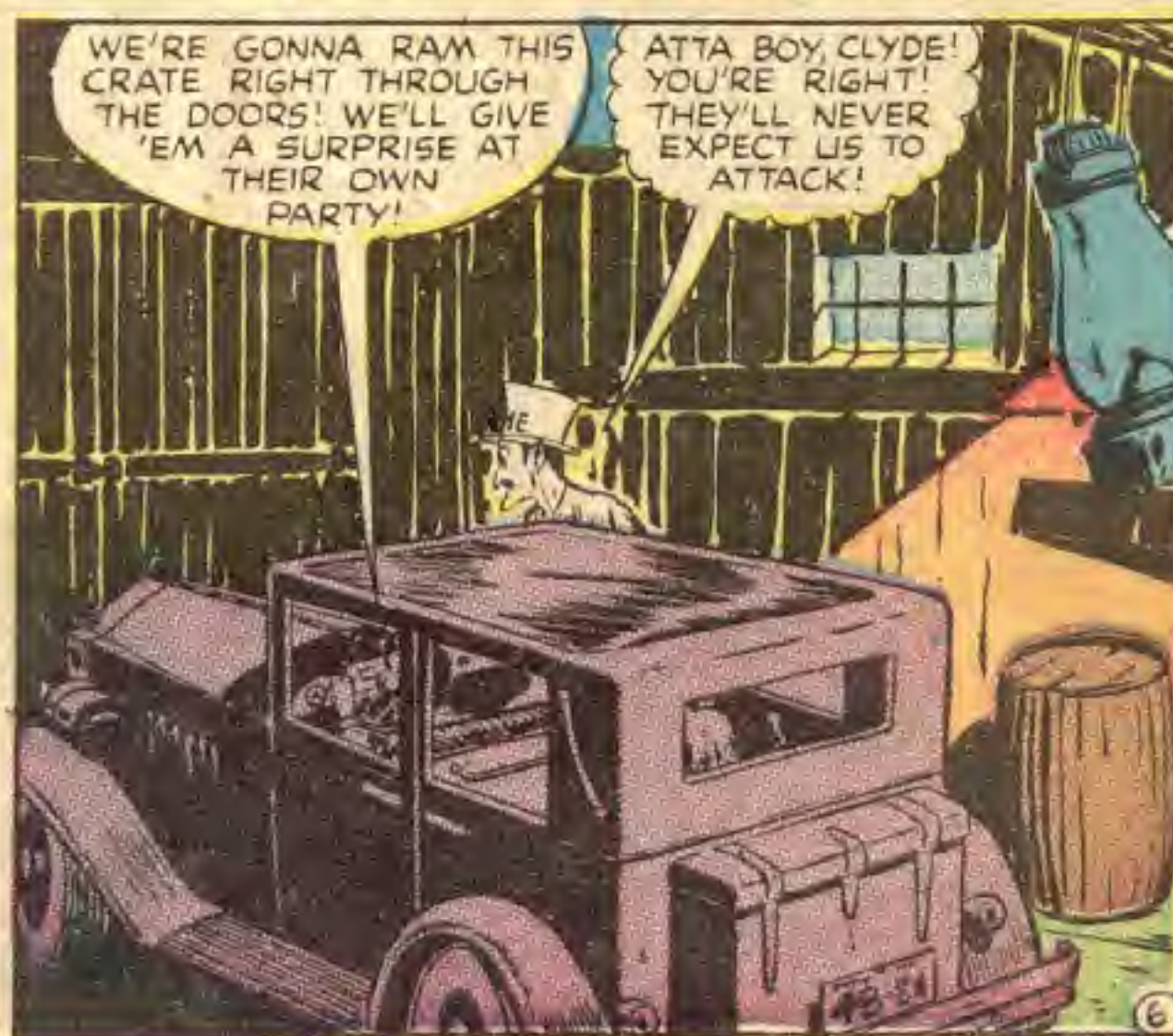
I'LL SHOW YOU! GET DOWN THE CELLAR AN'
INTO THE GARAGE! THIS IS THE ONLY WAY!
WE CAN'T WAIT UP HERE FOR THEM TO
DRIVE US OUT! WE'RE GOIN'
TO TAKE A FLYIN' RUN AT
'EM! STEP ON IT,
WILL YA?

NOW, HOW
DO YOU SUPPOSE
THE POLICE
FOUND THEM
WAY OUT
HERE?



YOU START
THE CAR, 'CLYDE!
I'LL GET THE
DOORS
OPEN!

ARE YOU NUTS? COME
HERE, YOU! THEY'LL
MOW US DOWN LIKE
HAY IF YOU DO! GET
IN THE CAR, ALL
OF YOU!



WE'RE GONNA RAM THIS
CRATE RIGHT THROUGH
THE DOORS! WE'LL GIVE
'EM A SURPRISE AT
THEIR OWN
PARTY!

ATTA BOY, CLYDE!
YOU'RE RIGHT!
THEY'LL NEVER
EXPECT US TO
ATTACK!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



RUN THE RATS DOWN, CLYDE!

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN'?

OH, OH, THEY DIDN'T PLAN ON THE COPS BEING HEROIC-LIKE THAT ONE! HE'LL BE TROUBLESOME!



THIS DUMB FLATFOOT IS BEGGIN' FOR IT!

DROP YOUR GUNS AND PULL OVER!

SURE, OFFICER, JUST AS YOU SAY!



AGHH..

EXCELLENT, BONNIE, EXCELLENT! BUT LOOK OUT FOR THE ONES HIDING IN THE DITCH UP AHEAD! YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!



NO SLOW JOE'S GONNA STOP BONNIE PARKER—NOT SO'S YOU'D NOTICE IT! THAT'S TWO I GOT! WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE KEEP COUNT? THIS IS LIKE KNOCKIN' OFF CLAY PIGEONS!



WELL, WE'RE OUTTA THAT JAM! THAT WAS EXACTLY WHAT WE NEEDED TO SNAP US OUT OF OUR DUMB AN' HAPPY WAYS! IT'S ABOUT TIME WE GOT OUR TRIGGER FINGERS WORKIN' AGAIN!

THAT'S RIGHT, BONNIE! THAT'S THE SPIRIT! INFECT 'EM WITH IT! MAKE 'EM LOVE KILLIN' LIKE YOU DO!



GIVE US A LITTLE REST, WILL YA, BONNIE? WE'RE CROWDIN' OUR LUCK! WE DON'T HAVE TO DO ANOTHER STICK-UP RIGHT TONIGHT—WE STILL GOT LOTS OF DOUGH FROM TODAY'S JOB!

BUCK'S RIGHT! LET'S TAKE IT EASY FOR A WHILE, BONNIE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YOU ALL LOSING YOUR GUTS?



LISTEN, BOTH OF YA! BONNIE AN' ME ARE RUNNIN' THE SHOW, AN' WHEN SHE SAYS WE'RE GONNA DO SOME WORK, WE'RE GONNA — WHAT SHE SAYS, GOES!

WELL, THAT'S SETTLED! I WONDER WHAT THEY'VE GOT IN MIND, NOW? I WISH THEY'D USE SOME IMAGINATION AND REALLY GET INTO THE BIG TIME!

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THIS OKLAHOMA IS THE SOFTEST TOUCH! THESE HICK COPS LEAD WITH THEIR CHIN! WE'LL HAVE THIS THING KNOCKED OVER IN TWO MINUTES FLAT! KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING AN' BLOW THE HORN, IF THE LAW SHOWS UP!

HERE WE GO AGAIN, AND FOR WHAT? PEANUTS? BONNIE'S ONE OF THE MOST RUTHLESS PUPILS I'VE EVER HAD, BUT JUST A SMALL TIMER AT HEART!



WHAT CAN I DO FOR... HEY, WHAT'S THIS?

EMPTY YOUR CASH DRAWER IN THIS BAG!

BAR Dance Tonight

OH, OH, HERE COMES THE TOWN MARSHAL! TOUGH LUCK! WHY ISN'T THAT COPPER OUT WATCHING FOR SPEEDERS?



IF YOU DON'T REACH FOR THAT GUN, I MIGHT LET YOU LIVE!



AND THEN AGAIN, I MIGHT NOT! IT DEPENDS ON MY MOOD, AN' TODAY IT'S RIGHT NASTY!

DON'T SHOOT! OOOH...



YOUR BUSINESS BETTER PICK UP! I'M GONNA WANT MORE DOUGH NEXT TIME I HIT THIS JOINT, OR I'LL BLOW YOUR GUTS OUT!



WHAT WAS THE SHOOTIN' FOR, BONNIE? CAN'T YOU PULL A JOB, WITHOUT KNOCKIN' SOMEONE OFF?

YOU'RE RIGHT, CLYDE—HIT AND RUN! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH UP WITH YOU!

THERE YOU GO AGAIN, BUCK! IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, QUIT. OTHERWISE, SHUT UP! THE WAY WE'RE MOVIN', WE'LL BE TWO STATES AWAY, BEFORE THESE YOKELS WAKE UP!



IN HERE, BUCK! THIS IS A GOOD SPOT! HEY, LOOK! THE SUN'S COMIN' UP! WE'VE BEEN DRIVIN' ALL NIGHT!

I'M ALL BUSHED! HOW ABOUT US ALL GETTIN' SOME SHUT EYE! IT'LL BE SAFE HERE! WE COULD HIDE A GREY-HOUND BUS IN ALL THIS BRUSH!

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I FIGURE WE'RE ABOUT EIGHT MILES OUTSIDE DEXTER, IOWA! I'M SURE THEY NEVER HEARD OF US AROUND HERE!

WE HAVE A VISITOR! IT'S NO USE IN MY TRYING TO TELL THEM! THEY CAN'T HEAR ME! YOU DON'T SUPPOSE HE'S GOING TO GET THE POLICE, DO YOU?



KEEP YOUR GUNS HANDY! I'LL WAKE YOU IF ANYTHING LOOKS PHONEY!

OKAY, BUCK, THIS IS ONE TIME I COULD SLEEP STANDIN' UP!



OH! I ALMOST DOZED OFF! MY LIDS FEEL LIKE LEAD! I GOTTA KEEP 'EM OPEN! HUH...WHAT'S THAT?

IT MUST BE THAT NOSEY, LOCAL YOKEL THAT WAS SNOOPING AROUND HERE AND HE DOESN'T SOUND LIKE HE'S ALONE, EITHER!



CLYDE! BONNIE! WAKE UP! GET UP! IT'S THE LAW!

NOW THEY KNOW THAT ANYONE CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!



I'M HIT BAD, CLYDE! HELP ME! DON'T LET THE COPPER GET ME!

THAT'S TOUGH, BUCK, BUT WE AIN'T GOT TIME! YOU DON'T WANT US TO GET PLUGGED, TOO, DO YA?

SOME BROTHER YOU GOT! LET 'IM GO, THE LOUSE!

THAT'S RIGHT! RUN! RUN, CLYDE! THE DEVIL WITH YOUR BROTHER! THAT'S HIS TOUGH LUCK!



KEEP DUCKIN' UNDER, BONNIE! DON'T GIVE THOSE #00000!!! COPS A TARGET!

ZING

ZING



LOOK, BONNIE, A FARM! LET'S HEAD FOR IT! IF THEY GOT A CAR, WE'LL BE ALL SET!

SURE! THEY GOT A CAR! WHAT'S ANOTHER CAR SWIPE TO A BRILLIANT RECORD LIKE YOURS? WHAT IF IT DOES MEAN KILLIN' A FEW YOKELS?

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OHHH...PAW!
PAW! HELP!
IT'S THEM KILLERS
THE COPS WERE
ASKIN'...
URGHH...

I'LL
SHUT YER
BIG TRAP!

THAT'S IT, CLYDE!
LESS NOISE AND
JUST AS EFFEC-
TIVE! THEY GOT
YOUR BROTHER,
BECAUSE HE WAS
A SLOW
THINKER, BUT
YOU'RE NOT!

CLYDE, I MEANT
TO TELL YOU BEFORE-
I GOT A LETTER
FROM RAY HAMILTON,
THROUGH THE GRAPE-
VINE! HE'S ON THE
PRISON FARM AT
HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS!
HE SAYS HE'S
GOIN' NUTS!

HE AIN'T
KIDDIN'!
THAT'S A
ROUGH
DEAL,
HACKIN'
WEEDS AN'
CHOPPIN'
WOOD! IT
AIN'T A FIT
LIFE FOR A
DOG!

HE COULD BE SPRUNG
OUT, EASY! THAT FARM
IS A PUSH-OVER FOR
ANY SMART OPERATOR!
ARE YOU THINKIN'
THE SAME THING
AS I AM?

SURE! LET'S
GET HIM
OUT! I DON'T
LIKE TO SEE
A NICE GUY
LIKE RAY
HAMILTON,
ROTTIN' IN
PRISON!

I KNOW THAT HUNTSVILLE
SET-UP! IT'S A PIPE CINCH!
WE'LL PLANT SOME RODS
FOR RAY! THEN WE'RE
GONNA PICK A SPOT ALONG
THE ROAD THEY USE ON
THEIR WAY BACK TO
THE PRISON GROUNDS!

I GET YA!
WHEN HIS
WORK GANG
COMES BY,
WE BLAST
THE
GUARDS!

IT WAS EARLY IN THE MORNING, JANUARY 16TH, 1934,
NEAR THE HUNTSVILLE PRISON FARM! THREE PULSES
WERE RACING FASTER THAT A.M.—BONNIE PARKER'S,
CLYDE BARROW'S AND RAY HAMILTON'S!

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN,
BONNIE! LET'S MAKE THIS
A CLEAN JOB—NO
BUTCH-UPS!

RAY'S GOT THE GUNS WE
PLANTED FOR HIM HERE—
THEY'RE GONE! HEY, LOOK,
HE LEFT A NOTE, BUT IT
ONLY SAYS, "OAKEE
DOAKEE"!

THAT'S PLENTY! IT MEANS
HE'S GOTTEN OUR GUNS
AND INSTRUCTIONS! PUT
THAT STOGIE OUT, WILL
YA? YOU CAN SMELL
IT A MILE AWAY!

SO WHAT? BY THE
TIME THEM GUARDS
KNOW WE'RE HERE,
THEY'LL BE DEAD
ANYWAY!

HERE THEY COME!
AIN'T THAT A
PICTURE? WHERE'S
RAY?

SHUT UP, AN' LOOK
FOR 'IM! HE'S GONNA
BREAK, AS SOON AS
HE GETS TO THAT
TREE STUMP! LET'S
COVER HIM
GOOD!

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THIS IS IT! RUN FOR IT! CLYDE AN' BONNIE HAVE GOT US COVERED! FOLLOW ME!

VERY NICELY HANDLED, HAMILTON! I'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU BACK IN CIRCULATION AGAIN!

WHERE ARE YOUR PALS, HAMILTON?

TAKE YOUR TIME, BOYS! WE'VE GOT LOTS OF ARTILLERY TO KEEP THOSE SCREWS AWAY!

HELP YOURSELVES! THERE ARE SOME MORE LUGERS AN' 32'S THERE! AIM FOR THEIR GUTS, BONNIE, AN' KEEP SHOOTIN'!

THIS IS THE MOMENT I BEEN LIVIN' FOR!

THAT'S FOR ALL THE TROUBLE YA GAVE ME, YA ***!!

DON'T BE A SUCKER, HAMILTON! YOU HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME TO SERVE! ARGHHH!

WHERE'S THE CAR, CLYDE?

ON THE ROAD, STRAIGHT BACK THROUGH THE WOODS! YOU CAN'T MISS IT!

AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THESE SCREWS, WE'LL HANDLE 'EM!

IT'LL BE BEST TO SPLIT UP! THEY CAN'T FOLLOW FIVE TRAILS AT ONCE! RAY, BONNIE'S GOT SOME DOUGH FOR YOU!

YOU SURE DID ME A FAVOR! I AIN'T NEVER GONNA FORGET!

SAVE THE SWEET TALK FOR LATER! WE'RE STILL BEIN' SHOT AT! LET'S GET!

I'LL GET OUT HERE! JUST REMEMBER, ANYTIME I CAN HELP YA, ANYTHIN' AT ALL—I'D TAKE A SLUG IN THE BELLY FOR FRIENDS LIKE YOU!

THAT'S OKAY, RAY! WE'LL BE SEEN! YA! ME AN' BONNIE'S GONNA LAY LOW FOR A BIT!

A WHOLE WEEK SINCE THE PRISON BREAK, AND YOU'VE DONE NOTHING BUT HIDE OUT, DUCKING COPS AND RUNNING AWAY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU TWO, ANYWAY?

THERE'S A CAR COMIN'—IF IT'S COPS, WE'LL KILL 'EM ALL!

HUH? WHERE? OH, YEAH, GIMME MY GUN! MAYBE THEY ARE COPS!

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TSK, TSK, KILLED BOTH OF THEM! WHAT WAS THAT FOR? WHEN DO WE GET BACK TO KILLING FOR PROFIT? THERE'S SOME SENSE TO THAT! YOU'RE BEGINNING TO SHOW POOR JUDGMENT!

KRIME

KILL 'EM, CLYDE! MAYBE THEY WAS AFTER US AN' MAYBE NOT! IT DON'T MATTER!

"THEY ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING, NOT EVEN ONE STICK-UP, UNTIL MAY, 24TH, 1934, NEAR ARCADIA, LOUISIANA..."

CASEY SURE KNOWS HIS ONIONS, BONNIE! THE ARCADIA BANK JOB SHOULD NET US ENOUGH TO RETIRE ON! THEN, IT'S THE LIFE O'RILEY ON EASY STREET, FOR BOTH OF US!

THE WHOLE THING SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! I'M ALL FOR IT, MIND YA'— BUT THERE'S JUST ONE THING THAT DON'T SMELL RIGHT!

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THIS TIP, CLYDE! WHY SHOULD THAT GUY GIVE US ALL THIS INFO? WHY DON'T HE KNOCK THE JOINT OVER HIMSELF?

WE CAN TRUST CASEY! HE'S AN OLD TIMER IN THE GAME! HIS EYES AIN'T SO GOOD, SO NOW HE JUST FINGERS AN' CASES JOBS, FOR A SMALL PER CENT OF THE TAKE!

THIS IS THE ARCADIA TOWN LINE! LET'S SLOW DOWN HERE!

WHAT'S THAT? HEY, CLYDE, TURN AROUND! BEAT IT! THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD! START SHOOTIN'!

STOP! CLYDE! STOP! DO SOMETHING! OHH...AGH...

OHH... MY ARM!

POUR IT INTO 'EM, BONNIE! OH, THAT ~~X~~!! YEE!! DOUBLE-CROSSIN' CASEY! HE SOLD US OUT! IT'S UP TO YOU! SHOOT 'EM ALL DEAD, BONNIE! I CAN'T MOVE!

I...CAN'T...GET MY GUN UP...I'M HURT...REAL BAD, TOO, CLYDE!

I WONDER WHY THESE TWO STARTED SHOOTIN'? WE WERE JUST MAKING OUR TEN O'CLOCK CALL IN! WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY ARE? HEY, DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY COULD BE BARROW AND PARKER? THAT KILL-CRAZY GUY AN' HIS MOLL!

IT'LL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE I GET ANOTHER PAIR OF PUPILS LIKE THOSE TWO! COME TO THINK OF IT, THOUGH, THEY WERE ALMOST TOO MURDEROUS! MAYBE SOMETIME I CAN STRIKE A HAPPY MEDIUM, BUT IT GETS TERRIBLY DISCOURAGING! I'VE NEVER FOUND ANYONE YET, THAT COULD MAKE CRIME PAY!

KRIME

THE END

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

CRIME QUIZ

IN ORDER TO WAYLAY ANY POSSIBLE READER INFERENCE TO THE CONTRARY, THE PURPOSE OF THIS CRIME QUIZ SERIES IS TO BETTER ACQUAINT OUR MILLIONS OF READERS WITH SOME OF THE MORE COMMON TERMS, METHODS AND FACTS USED BY OUR AUTHORS TO DRAMATIZE THE TRUE CRIME STORIES IN THIS MAGAZINE. OF COURSE, IT'S NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT WE HOPE YOU ENJOY THESE QUIZZES!

TEST YOUR WITS! ROBERT LAWRENCE, NOTED CRIMINOLOGIST, HAS DELVED INTO HIS FILES FOR SOME CURIOUSLY INTERESTING CRIME DETECTION FACTS. JUST HOW HIGH IS YOUR DETECTION I. Q.? ARE YOU A SHERLOCK HOLMES, OR A KEYSTONE COP! CHECK EACH QUESTION A, B, OR C, THEN, TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR THE ANSWERS— AND DON'T LET THE PICTURES FOOL YOU!



1. A PYROMANIAC SPECIALIZES IN:
 (A) ROBBING BAKERIES.
 (B) SETTING FIRES.
 (C) KILLING OLD WOMEN.



2. BALLISTICS IS THE STUDY OF:
 (A) CROOKED SPORTS.
 (B) BOMBING ATTACKS.
 (C) THE MOTION AND IMPACT OF BULLETS.



3. EVER SINCE BURKE AND HARE COMMITTED THEIR ATROCIOUS CRIMES, "TO BURKE" HAS MEANT:

- (A) TO MUG.
- (B) TO KILL BY SUFFOCATION.
- (C) TO KILL BY NIGHT.

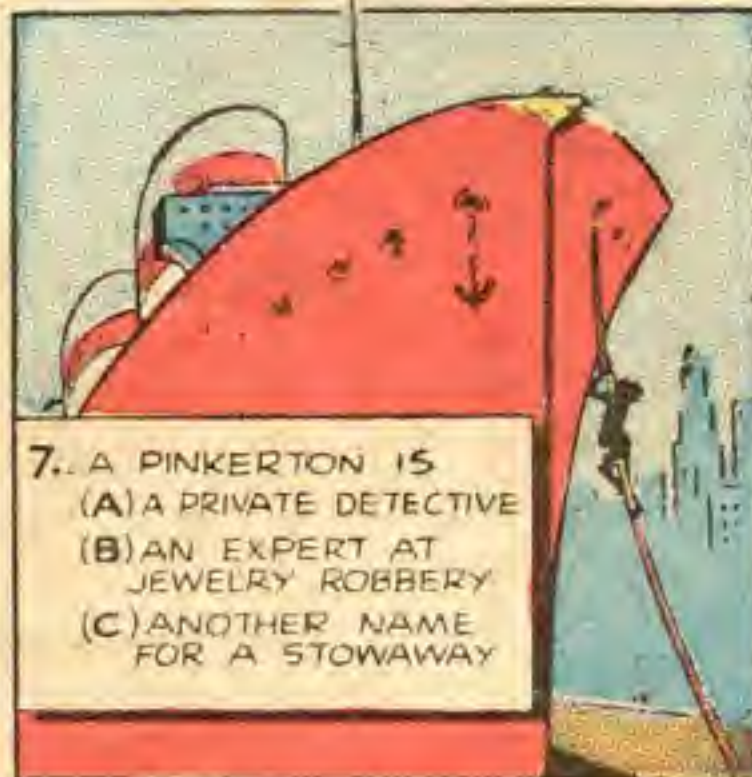


5. A "HATCHET MAN" IS AN EXPERT AT:
 (A) WRECKING BUILDINGS.
 (B) ASSASSINATION.
 (C) PUTTING OUT FIRES.



6. VINCENT "MAD-DOG" COLL GOT HIS NAME AS THE RESULT OF:

- (A) KILLING A POLICEMAN
- (B) HIS RESEMBLANCE TO A BULLDOG
- (C) A BABY KILLING



7. A PINKERTON IS
 (A) A PRIVATE DETECTIVE
 (B) AN EXPERT AT JEWELRY ROBBERY
 (C) ANOTHER NAME FOR A STOWAWAY



8. IF YOU WERE INTRODUCED TO A "NARK" IN LONDON, YOU'D BE MEETING A:

- (A) GANGSTER MOLL
- (B) POLICE INFORMER
- (C) SECRET SERVICE OPERATOR

ANSWERS

- 1 (B)
- 2 (B)
- 3 (B)
- 4 (C)
- 5 (B)
- 6 (B)
- 7 (A)
- 8 (B)

SCORE YOURSELF 10 FOR EACH CORRECT ANSWER WITH A SCORE OF 0 TO 20, YOU COULDN'T FIND THE LIGHT-SWITCH IN YOUR OWN BEDROOM. 30 TO 40 MAKES YOU A BETTER GRADE DOG-CATCHER. WITH 50 TO 60, YOU'RE SHOWING SOME POTENTIALITIES AS A SLEUTH. IF YOU MAKE 70 TO 80, WHICH IS HARD TO IMAGINE, YOU SHOULD BE EITHER A FIRST-GRADE DETECTIVE, OR YOU'VE MISSED YOUR CALLING.

THIS IS YOUR PAGE

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

\$2⁰⁰ FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED **\$2⁰⁰**

Dear Reader:

In every issue of CRIME DOES NOT PAY this page is devoted to your opinion, ideas, and suggestions. Since the conception of CRIME DOES NOT PAY we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

Dear Mr. Biro:

One of the terms I asked my teacher if it be to read CRIME DOES NOT PAY in class after finals were over. She said that she would like me to but that it was not entirely up to her, and that she would ask the principal about it. Not only did they agree to my request but promised to have the magazine read in all classes.

Truly yours, Bernard Simon
1278—12th Avenue, Paterson, N. J.

Seems both your teacher and your principal are in tune with the times. Okay.

I'm glad that you emphatically show that crime develops from maladjusted homes where kids don't have a fair chance and opportunity to travel a straight line. Parents take notice. Thanks to CRIME DOES NOT PAY which brings day dreaming parents to their senses.

Sincerely, Anita Landiche
Los Altos, California

It isn't often that parents are directly to blame in such cases. Frequently the economic conditions in the home are such that the parents' mind may be so preoccupied with earning enough for the bare essentials, that little time can be spared from a worry-filled mind for his child's moral guidance. So it is up to the child. It is his will-power and moral stuff that is challenged. If he is good and clean inside, so he will be outside.

In my neighborhood we think of Crime Does Not Pay, not just as another ten-cent comic, but as a monument that stands for righteousness, fair play and the Democratic way of living. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely, L. E. Epstein
1078 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

You said a big mouthful!

A year ago two boys and I got into trouble and were sent to Juvenile Court. Take it from us, we learned our lesson. We have organized a Crime does not pay club. We now have eleven members. Each month we are pledged to buy a copy of Crime Does Not Pay and we take turns reading it aloud at meetings. Your magazine is the standard of our club. Keep on publishing this fine magazine.

Yours truly, F. S.
Fairfield, Conn.

We consider it a great honor and wish your club much success.

I think that the United States has something to be proud of in having you to publish a magazine that is as educational as CRIME DOES NOT PAY. This is a clear example of what the law enforcement agencies are doing for us all. I get a copy every month and I hope that everyone is doing the same.

Yours truly, Mary Elaine Patricia Seerden
710 N. Washington, Odessa, Texas

Where else in this world could we so freely speak the truth? It is we who are proud to have this opportunity.

Although I have been a regular reader of your book for years, I did not grasp the truth and its full value until lately. A while ago I became involved in a serious crime. I was taken to a juvenile home and held there for sometime and all of the time I was filled with worry, fear and regret. I was lucky. I was made a ward of the court and put on probation. It was my first offense and my last. Sincerely, sirs, you are right, so right, Crime does not pay. Due to circumstances, I am sure that you understand that if you publish this, please withhold my name and address.

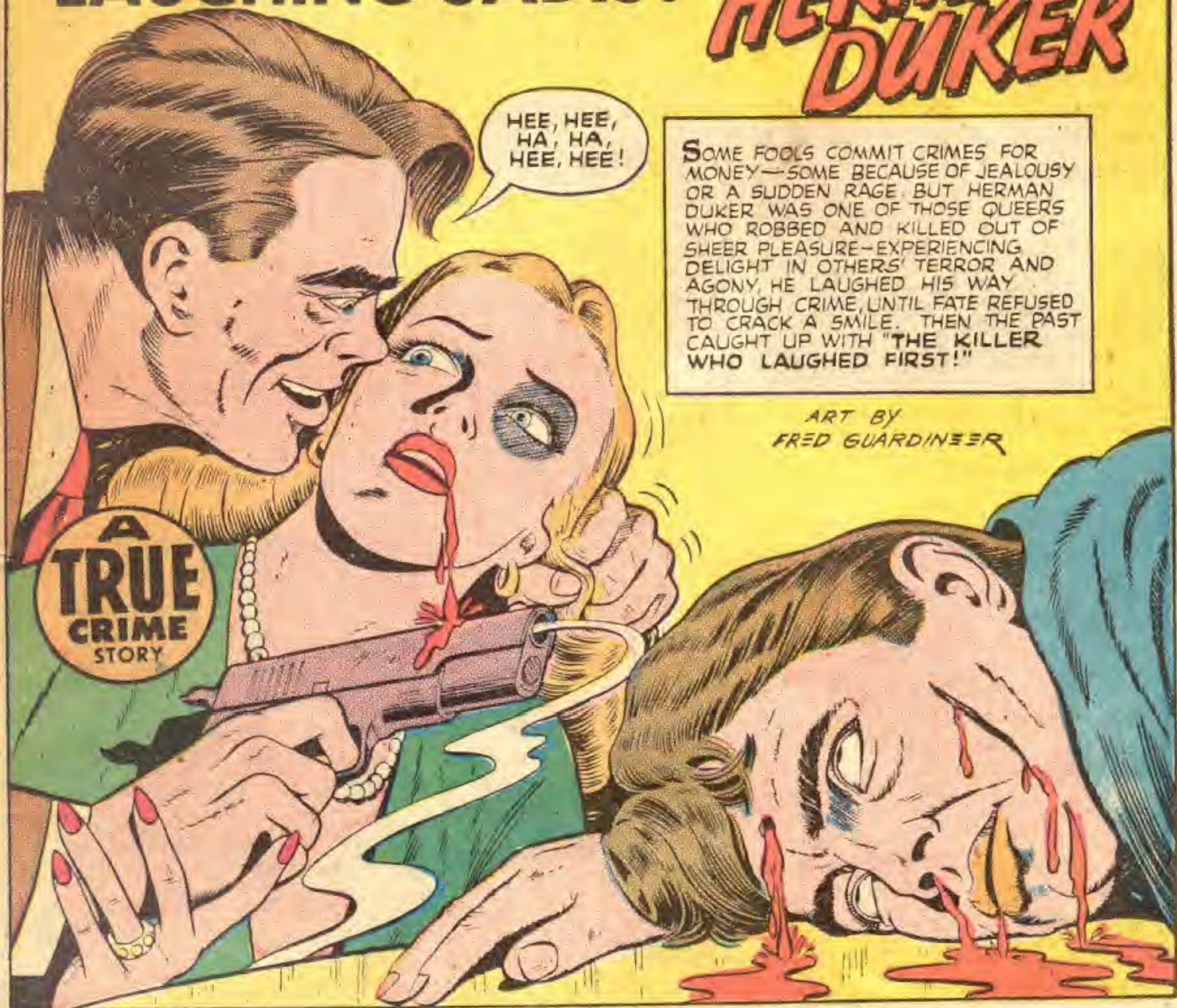
Yours truly, B. S.
San Francisco, Cal.

Everyone agrees with you but the wise-guys know it all. They have to find out for themselves.

Please try to limit letters to about 50 words. Letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, and we reserve the right to edit same. Address letters to CRIME DOES NOT PAY, 114 East 32 Street, New York 16, N. Y.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE WILD SPREE OF THE LAUGHING SADIST—HERMAN DUKER



SOME FOOLS COMMIT CRIMES FOR MONEY—SOME BECAUSE OF JEALOUSY OR A SUDDEN RAGE. BUT HERMAN DUKER WAS ONE OF THOSE QUEERS WHO ROBBED AND KILLED OUT OF SHEER PLEASURE—EXPERIENCING DELIGHT IN OTHERS' TERROR AND AGONY, HE LAUGHED HIS WAY THROUGH CRIME, UNTIL FATE REFUSED TO CRACK A SMILE. THEN THE PAST CAUGHT UP WITH "THE KILLER WHO LAUGHED FIRST!"

ART BY FRED GUARDINEER

A TRUE CRIME STORY



ONE MORNING IN 1916, IN BALTIMORE, MARYLAND...

WHY DID YOU KILL OUR CANARY, AND THOSE GOLDFISH? ANSWER ME, YOU BAD BOY! WHY?

I WANTED TO! IT MADE ME LAUGH! THEY LOOK SO FUNNY DYING WITH THEIR EYES BULGING OUT!

THERE'S ONE WAY TO TEACH A CHILD NOT TO INFLECT PAIN ON OTHERS! COME HERE, HERMAN, YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN WHAT PAIN IS!



THIS IS ONLY A TASTE OF WHAT YOU'LL GET, IF YOU DON'T STOP KILLING BIRDS AND ANIMALS!

I WON'T CHANGE! I WON'T! YOU'LL SEE! I'LL BE WORSE! OWW! BAW!!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



HERMAN DUKER!
DON'T YOU DARE
SHOOT AT THAT BIRD!
WHAT AN AWFUL
THING TO DO! I'M
GOING TO TELL
YOUR MOTHER!

MIND YOUR
OWN
BUSINESS!



CRASH!
ZING!

HA! HA! SHE
WON'T STICK HER
NOSE OUT SO
FAST NEXT
TIME!



THE OLDER THAT DUKER
BOY GETS, THE WORSE
HE IS! YOU MARK MY
WORDS, HE'LL DO
SOMETHING
TERRIBLE SOME
DAY!

ONLY A
WICKED BOY
WOULD DO A
THING LIKE
THAT-AND
THEN LAUGH
ABOUT IT?



HA! HA!

YIPPI!
YIPPI!

AW, HERMAN, WHAT DO YOU WANT
TO DROWN THE POOR MUTT FOR?
ALL HE DID WAS FOLLOW US
AROUND!

I THOUGHT
YOU TOLD ME
YOU WAS TOUGH,
DALE! DON'T TRY
GOIN' SOFT
AROUND ME!

CRACK



AN' DON'T YOU SNITCH, EITHER,
OR I'LL CARVE MY INITIALS ON
YOUR YELLOW FACE!



WHAT'CHA BATHIN'
THE CAT IN
KEROSENE FOR,
HERMAN? AIN'T YA
GONNA DROWN 'IM,
LIKE ALWAYS?

NAW, I GOT A
BETTER IDEA!
STICK AROUND,
IF YOU WANT
TO SEE SOME-
THIN' HOT!
HEE, HEE!

MEEOWW!!



A LITTLE LIGHT
ON THE SUBJECT
AN' ZOWIE! LOOK
AT THAT CAT
BURN!



THIS BOY JUST BURNED A CAT
ALIVE! IF HE WERE A LITTLE
OLDER, I'D HAVE RUN HIM IN!
I'M LETTIN' HIM OFF THIS TIME,
BUT THERE HAD BETTER NOT
BE A NEXT TIME!

THANKS,
OFFICER! I'LL
DO WHAT I
CAN WITH
HIM!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



IT'S JUST ONE STEP FROM KILLING ANIMALS TO KILLING PEOPLE— AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO THAT, IF I CAN HELP IT!

TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME!



HERMAN! GASP! YOU HIT YOUR FATHER!

YEAH, I'VE JUST BEEN WAITIN' TILL I WAS BIG ENOUGH!



GET OUT! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!

YOU BET I WILL! DON'T THINK I CAN'T GET ALONG BY MYSELF!

BILL! HE'S TAKING THE SUGAR BOWL!

NO, I DIDN'T, BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET HIS HIDEOUS SOUNDING GIGGLE WHEN HE SHOT BEN!



ENOUGH TO BUY DUDS AND A GUN! I'M SET!

SO, IN 1926, HERMAN "GRADUATED" FROM KILLING CATS...



NICE OF YOU TO COME ACROSS SO EASY! HA, HA! THIS IS JUST SO THERE WON'T BE NO YELLIN' WHEN I'M GONE! HEE, HEE!

BANG!



DID YOU GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE GUNMAN, MRS. HAVERSTRAW?



THAT BULL'S BEEN EYIN' ME FOR FIVE MINUTES! MAYBE THE OLD MAN TOLD THE COPPER I RAN AWAY, OR MAYBE THEY GOT A LINE ON ME—IN EITHER CASE, IT'S TIME TO BLOW THIS BURG!



SO THIS IS NEW YORK! IF IT'S SUCH A BIG TOWN, IT MUST HAVE BIG PICKINGS! I'LL GET WORKIN' ON IT RIGHT AWAY!



A CIGAR STORE... AN EMPTY STREET... A PERFECT SET-UP!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WHADDYA MEAN, NO DOUGH!
HA, HA! DO YOU THINK I'M
GONNA TAKE YOUR
WORD FOR IT?

AAGHH..

BANG!



THE CASH REGISTER WAS
EMPTY! SEE WHAT YA GET
FOR BEIN' SO HONEST—

DROP
IT AN'
REACH!



C..COPPER!

DROP THAT GUN!
WHY YOU'RE JUST
A PUNK KID! WHO
LET YOU OUT OF
KINDERGARTEN?



IN VIEW OF THE PRISONER'S
EXTREME YOUTH, AND NOT
HAVING ANY PREVIOUS
RECORD, THE COURT WILL
SHOW LENIENCY!—
EIGHTEEN MONTHS
IN ELMIRA!

I WON'T STAY!
I'LL BREAK OUT!
I'LL TEAR THE
JOINT APART!

LISTEN,
KID, YOU
OUGHT TO
THANK YOUR
LUCKY STARS
YOU'RE NOT
GOING UP
FOR GOOD!



THERE'S
YOUR SLOPS!
EAT IT
YOURSELF!

JUST OUT OF
SOLITARY AND
DUKER'S AT IT
AGAIN! WHAT
ARE YOU GOING
TO DO WITH A
GUY LIKE THAT?

WE'LL JUST PUT HIM BACK IN
THE DUNGEON! THIS TIME ON
BREAD AND WATER! WHEN HE
GETS OUT, HE'LL THINK HE'S
EATING PATE-DE-FOIS-GRAS!



YOU'VE STRETCHED
EIGHTEEN MONTHS
INTO TWENTY SIX,
DUKER! YOU WILL
LEARN THAT
THE QUICKEST WAY
OUT OF ELMIRA
IS GOOD
BEHAVIOR!

SHOVE IT!
THERE'S
A QUICKER
WAY THAN
THAT! GIVE
ME TIME
AND I'LL
FIND IT!

GIVE IT
TO THE
BUM,
TONY!

WHO
STARTED
THIS?
DUKER?

WHO ELSE? THIS USED
TO BE A NICE QUIET
REFORMATORY, TILL HE
CAME! LET'S BREAK
'EM UP QUICK,
BEFORE IT
TURNS INTO
A RIOT!

DUKER, YOU'VE NOT ONLY
ALIENATED THE PRISON
AUTHORITIES, BUT MADE
ENEMIES OF ALL YOUR
FELLOW INMATES, IN
ADDITION TO ADDING
A YEAR TO YOUR
SENTENCE! WHEN
ARE YOU GOING
TO GET WISE?

THAT'S MY
BUSINESS,
FLAPMOUTH!
STICK ME IN
THE COOLER
AN' SHUT
UP!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



THE WARDEN'S RIGHT! THEY'VE GOT ME COMIN' AN' GOIN'! OKAY, SO I'LL TURN PANTY WAIST, TILL MY TIME'S UP— THEN I'LL GO TO TOWN BETTER THAN EVER!



31 MONTHS I'VE ROTTED IN THAT STONE HEAP, WHEN I COULD'VE BEEN LIVIN', MAKIN' THE SUCKERS SQUIRM... NEVER AGAIN! I'LL SHOOT IT OUT WITH 'EM NEXT TIME! IF I HAD A PARTNER, IT WOULD BE A LOT EASIER— YEAH, THAT'S IT, I'LL HEAD BACK TO BALTIMORE AND DIG UP MY OLD PAL, DALE LAMBERT!



I'M LOOKIN' FOR A GUY WHO USED TO HANG OUT HERE, DALE LAMBERT!

SURE, I KNOW DALE! HE COMES IN SOMETIMES! DALE WAS IN STIR TWO YEARS, BUT HE'S GOIN' STRAIGHT NOW! HE WORKS IN A GARAGE OVER ON ROUTE ONE!



AIN'T IT JUST LIKE YELLOW BELLY DALE TO QUIT ON ACCOUNT OF ONE RAP! HE NEEDS ME AROUND TO STICK STARCH IN HIS SPINE! WAIT'LL HE SEES THIS CAR I STOLE! HE'LL CHANGE HIS MIND... LIKE HE ALWAYS DONE!



STEP IN, BIRD-BRAIN! OPPORTUNITY JUST DROVE UP!

H..HERMAN! I THOUGHT YOU...



HA, HE THINKS! WELL, YOU CAN STOP IT, AS OF NOW, YELLOW GUTS. I'LL DO THE THINKIN' FOR YA! C'MON, GET IN! YOU'RE QUITTIN' THIS SUCKER'S RACKET!

B..BUT, HERMAN..



SHUT UP! FIRST, WE'LL BUY YA SOME DECENT DUDS! I CAN'T HAVE A HEIST MAN AROUND ME LOOKIN' BROKE!

B...BUT, HERMAN, I LIKE MY JOB... I LIKE GOIN' STRAIGHT!



YOU'LL LIKE WHAT I TELL YOU TO LIKE! YA WANT ME TO SKIN YOU ALIVE, LIKE I SKINNED THEM ALLEY CATS? REMEMBER, DALE?

Y...YEAH.. SURE... I'M WITH YOU, HERMAN!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



THAT'S THE MILKMAN I BEEN SPOTTIN'! HE FINISHES HIS COLLECTIN' IN THAT APARTMENT HOUSE! I'LL MEET HIM INSIDE, BUT IN CASE HE SLIPS PAST ME, YOU STAND OUT HERE AN' SEE THAT HE DON'T GET AWAY!

OKAY!



I HOPE ALL THE LADIES PAID THEIR MILK BILLS TODAY! HA! HA!

BANG! BANG!



I HEARD SHOTS! IS H...HE... DEAD?

SURE HE IS! YA DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE ME, DID YA?

A DRAGNET HAS BEEN THROWN OVER THE CITY FOR THE SLAYERS OF JOHN ANDERSON, BALTIMORE MILKMAN, WHO LEFT A WIDOW AND THREE CHILDREN!

THEY'LL GET US, HERMAN! WE'LL FRY! OWWW!

SHUT YOUR TRAP! THE WHOLE HOUSE CAN HEAR YOU! ONE MORE YAP OUTTA YOU AN' YOU GET WHAT I GAVE THAT MILKMAN!

THAT MR. LAMBERT AND HIS FRIEND LOOKED AWFULLY SUSPICIOUS WHEN THEY CAME IN! I'M GLAD I LISTENED AND SO WILL THE POLICE BE!



SHORTLY AFTER...

GET 'EM UP!

THAT'S THE ONE WHO DID THE SHOOTING! THE ONE CALLED HERMAN!

I DIDN'T DO NOthin', HONEST! HE MADE ME GO ALONG WITH HIM, HONEST! HERMAN, HE'S THE ONE THAT KILLED THE MILKMAN!

I WASN'T EVEN IN THE HALLWAY! SOB? YA GOT TO BELIEVE ME! SOB?

GO AHEAD, GRIN! YOU WON'T FOR LONG ON THIS EARTH!

OH, NO? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH OUT LOUD! THERE'S NO SQUEEZE TOO TIGHT FOR HERMAN DUKER!



DALE LAMBERT GOT LIFE IMPRISONMENT FOR HIS ROLE IN THE SLAYING! AS FOR HERMAN DUKER, HE PERISHED IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, JANUARY 3RD, 1932, FOR THE LAW ALWAYS SMILES LAST AT KILLERS WHO SMILE FIRST!

NO! NO! PLEASE DON'T! PLEASE... GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE! EEEAAAGH!



the end

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF BLOOD

AN OLD TIME
TRUE
CRIME
STORY

THE STRONGEST EMOTION OF ANY SEAFARING MAN IS A CAPTAIN'S UNWAVERING DEVOTION TO HIS SHIP, BUT CAPTAIN CROSS WAS AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE AND WILLINGLY SACRIFICED HIS SHIP, SEAMEN AND SOUL, FOR A FEW PALTRY DOLLARS!



MAY, 1880, IN A CAROLINA HARBOR, CAPTAIN CROSS' SAILING VESSEL, THE "GRAY GULL," PREPARES TO SHOVE OFF FOR THE PORT OF BALTIMORE...

THE LAST CASE OF SILK IS ON BOARD, SKIPPER! IT'S THE RICHEST CARGO THIS TUB EVER HANDLED, ISN'T IT?

AYE, DESMOND, AND IT'S TOO BAD! IT'LL END UP IN DAVEY JONES' LOCKER, INSTEAD OF ON THE BACKS OF THEM PRETTY BALTIMORE BELLES!



SO YOU'RE GOING THROUGH WITH IT? WELL, I HOPE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO REST EASY, KNOWING YOU SUNK YOUR OWN VESSEL!

MIND YOUR OWN CONSCIENCE, MY FINE BROTHER-IN-LAW! YOU'RE THE SCOUNDREL THAT HELPED ME DRAW UP THE INSURANCE PAPERS! I'M GOING BELOW AND SEE HOW PRICE IS DOING!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



HOW'S IT COMING, PRICE?

I'M ON THE LAST ONE! WHENEVER YOU'VE A MIND TO PULL THESE PLUGS, THIS SHIP'LL SINK LIKE A ROCK!



WHOA, LAD WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING? BACK UP THE STAIRS WITH YOU!

I'M THE CABIN BOY CAPTAIN CROSS SIGNED ON YESTERDAY! I WAS TOLD TO SEE HIM ABOUT MY QUARTERS!



CAPTAIN CROSS, SIR, MAY I... ULP!

I...I TRIED TO STOP HIM, SKIPPER!

I LIKE "DOERS," NOT "TRYERS". PRICE!



AAGHH...

IF I DIDN'T NEED YOU, I'D DRILL A HOLE IN YOUR WATER-LOGGED BRAIN!



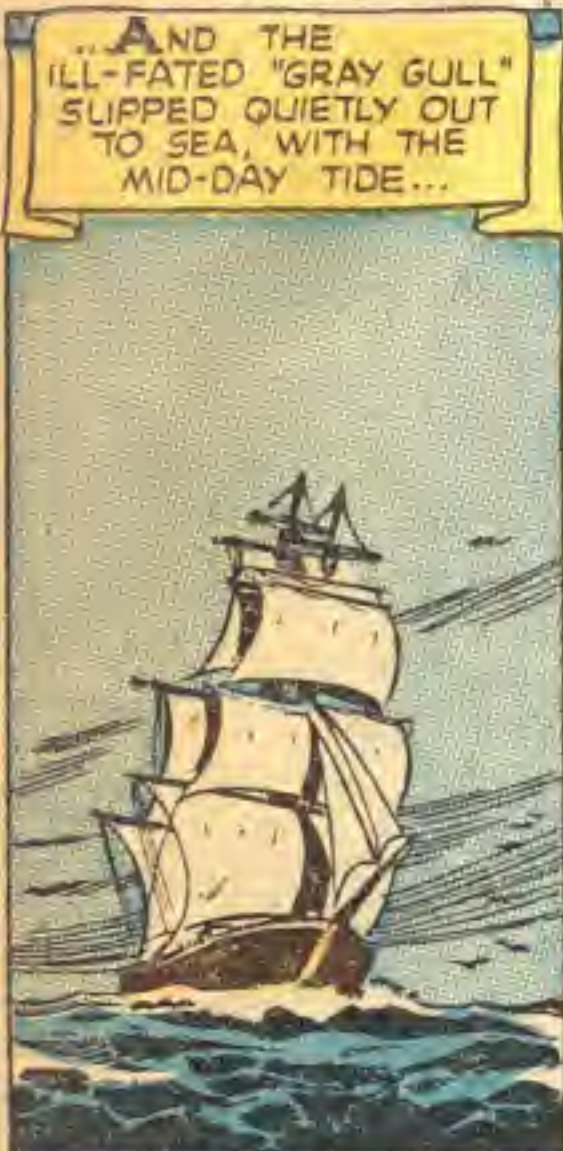
WIPE THE FEAR OFF YOUR FACE, SONNY! YOU HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO BE SCARED ABOUT—MUCH!



IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE SOME SHARK'S DINNER, YOU'LL FORGET EVER SEEING THOSE PLUGGED HOLES BELOW! NOW PASS THE WORD TO CAST OFF!

AYE, AYE, S..SIR!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



AND THE ILL-FATED "GRAY GULL" SLIPPED QUIETLY OUT TO SEA, WITH THE MID-DAY TIDE...



WE'RE OUT TWO DAYS, CAPTAIN! I OUGHT TO BE SIGHTING BALTIMORE HARBOR ANY TIME NOW!

THE GRAY GULL GOES DOWN WITHIN THE HOUR! GET THE LONGBOAT READY, THEN TELL PRICE! THE CABIN BOY IS COMING WITH US! HE'S GOING TO BE OUR STAR WITNESS!



PULL THE PLUGS OUT, PRICE, AND HURRY! WE WANT TO GET OFF THIS RAT TRAP BEFORE THE CREW KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENING!

AYE, AYE, MATE!



I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, SIR! I'VE GOT A LITTLE KITTEN IN MY BUNK!

ARE YOU DAFT? GET IN THAT BOAT, YOU FOOL, OR WOULD YOU PREFER TO DROWN! THERE'S NO ROOM FOR CATS!



CAPTAIN CROSS, DON'T LEAVE US! WAIT!

BUT HOW ABOUT ALL THOSE MEN, SIR?

JUST MIND YOUR OWN SKIN, SONNY, AN' SHUT UP YER MOUTH!



DON'T LET US DROWN! PLEASE, CAPTAIN CROSS! COME BACK!

AYE, MATE, I FEAR WE'RE ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE CREW OF THE GRAY GULL! MOVE ALONG!



AND ON MAY 12TH, THE LONGBOAT REACHED BALTIMORE SAFELY! THE "GRAY GULL" AND THE REST OF THE CREW WERE LOST!

NOW, ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS TELL THE INSURANCE COMPANY OUR LITTLE TALE OF WOE, AN' WE'RE RICH!

OH, CAPTAIN DESMOND! WAIT UP! I WANNA HAVE A WORD WITH YOU!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

I APPRECIATE YOUR SAVING MY LIFE AND YOU HAVE MY WORD, I WON'T TELL A SOUL WHAT YOU DID! BUT I COULDN'T STOMACH HELPING YOU LIE ABOUT IT! I DON'T WANT NONE OF THE MONEY YOU PROMISED ME 'AN' THE OTHERS! THEY CAN HAVE MY SHARE!

OH, IS THAT ALL THAT'S EATIN' AT YA? DON'T YA BOTHER YER YOUNG HEAD, WE'LL FIX THAT RIGHT NOW! GRAB HIM, MEN!

SO OUR STAR WITNESS WON'T TALK, EH? WELL, LET'S JUST MAKE SURE!

LEAVE THE LAD ALONE, DESMOND! I'VE CHANGED MY MIND— THE BOY CAN STAY WITH US A FEW DAYS, WHILE HE THINKS IT OVER!

NOW THAT WE GOT ALL OUR INSURANCE MONEY, WE'RE GONNA CELEBRATE! STUFF YOURSELF WELL, EDWARD! WE'VE GOT A DAY'S SPORT AHEAD OF US TOMORROW! YA LIKE TO HUNT?

WE'RE GOIN' EARLY DAWN DUCK HUNTING!

GEE, THAT'S SWELL! I NEVER DONE THAT!

HE KEPT HIS MOUTH SHUT THROUGHOUT THE INSURANCE INVESTIGATION, BUT I STILL AIN'T TAKIN' CHANCES! ISN'T THIS A BIT BETTER THAN YOUR PULUNG THE KNIFE ON HIM DOWNTOWN LAST WEEK! SOMEONE MIGHTA' SEEN YA! IF HE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT THE ROCKS ARE FOR! WHAT YA GONNA TELL HIM?

I DON'T KNOW! WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING! THIS SURE IS A BETTER WAY THAN KNIFING HIM! WE'LL SAY HE FELL OVERBOARD, SHOULD ANYONE ASK US!

KEEP BENDING THE OAR, EDWARD! THE "DUCKS" MUST BE QUITE A WAYS OUT TODAY! GET YOUR GUN READY, DESMOND!

THERE ARE SOME, NOW! HOW ABOUT LETTING ME TAKE A SHOT, SIR?

OH, YOU'LL GET A SHOT, ALL RIGHT!

KEEP ROWIN', EDWARD! WE'LL TELL YA WHEN IT'S YOUR TURN!

CRACK!

YIII!

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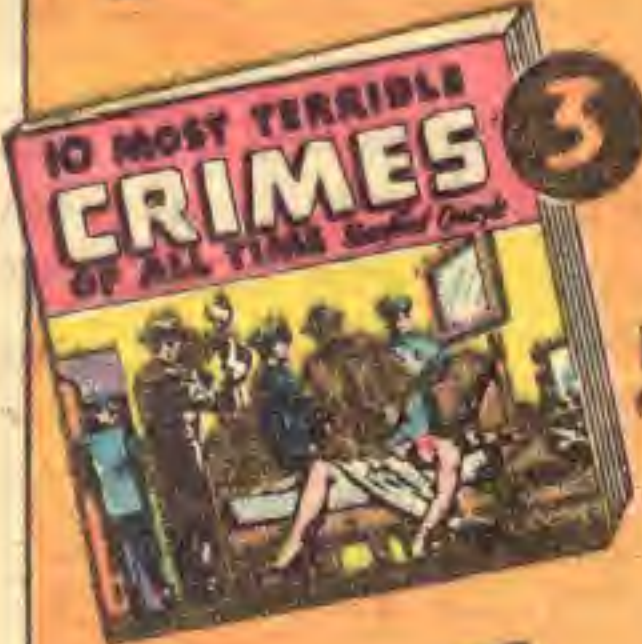
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Please print clearly—use pencil

GET THOSE KILLERS

A TRUE CRIME STORY

ON MARCH 16, 1936, two thugs were driving in a stolen car. Daniel Fallow, who had the louder mouth of the pair, was pleased with the impression he was making on his companion, Henry Sarles.

"Nuts," he boasted. "I've broken out of twenty-five jails already and I get more fun out of a gun war with a cop than anything else!"

Henry Sarles was impressed but skeptical. "That's a lotta jails," he observed dryly. His companion bristled.

"You don't believe it, huh?"

Sarles responded quickly, anxious not to offend the person he called his friend. "I didn't say that! I just said it was a lotta jails!"

The one with the loud mouth shrugged and reached into his pocket as he drove. He drew forth a .38 nickel-plated revolver and dropped it into Sarles' lap. "How's your nerve, Henry? We ain't seen each other since reformatory days, you know."

Sarles sneered, picked up the weapon.

"My nerve's all right," he said. "What you got in mind?"

"Are you game to try and spring a couple of buddies of mine at the reformatory?"

"Do they know you're coming?" Sarles asked.

"That ain't the point," Fallow replied. "I just asked if you got the guts to do it?"

The other punk uttered a hard laugh. "You think I'm yellow, don't you? Lemme tell you something, I'll go as far as you will!"

Fallow took a second gun from another pocket and passed that, too, to Sarles. "Okay," he said, "check if those gats are loaded. There's shells in the compartment."

Fallow watched Sarles open the breach of the gun and spin the barrel as he checked each chamber. He nodded. "You handle a gun okay."

Sarles looked at the other with a dead-pan expression. "You satisfied now?" he asked.

Fallow did not reply directly, but turned off the main road. After a while he remarked: "We'll drive around the place a few times to see

if we can spot Wheeler and Vale." They already were approaching the State Training Farm, about 5 miles out of Nashville, Tennessee.

Some time later, Sheriff Wilbur Tyson, with Deputy Andy Wilmot, was driving toward the reformatory. Officials at the school had seen a car circling the property again and again and becoming suspicious, had phoned the sheriff's office.

Fallow and Sarles, unaware that they had been observed, kept up their vigil.

"They ought to come out for recreation pretty soon," said Fallow. "We'll give 'em the sign when they do."

Sarles seemed impatient when he said: "Why can't we just drive up and shoot the works? We got guns."

Fallow sneered. "I like a brush with cops, but I don't like suicide. They have guns, too." He reddened a little as he saw the look of contempt on his companion's face. "All right," he said. "If you're game, I'll take a chance. Next time 'round, we'll stop at . . ." Fallow stopped in the middle of the sentence as Sarles touched his arm.

"Look in the mirror, Fallow!" Sarles exclaimed. "We're being followed!"

Fallow glanced upward into the glass and swore. "Get that gun in your paw ready. Give me the other one! If it's cops, we'll give 'em something to try for!" He stepped on the gas and the car shot ahead.

Forty—forty-five the needle climbed, then *fifty*. But the car behind picked up speed and stayed with Fallow and Sarles. *Fifty-five—sixty!* A siren screamed from the police car as it gained on Fallow and Sarles.

"Those lousy coppers! Give it to 'em!" yelled Fallow.

Sarles turned around and took aim. He fired through the rear window. He was a mile wide. He raised his arm to fire again and lost his balance, as the car veered heavily to one side.

"Jump!" Fallow gasped. "We're gonna turn over!"

Neither had time to jump. The car swayed perilously and two wheels lifted at the curve. Then with a screech of brakes the vehicle bumped off the shoulder of the road and with a scraping sound, settled into a patch of heavy brambles beside a wooded section.

Pressing their luck, the two scrambled from their wrecked car and headed for the woods. The sheriff's car was skidding to a stop, as the punks hit the heavy woods.

Fillow panted: "I'll drill them into a Swiss cheese!"

Holding the weapon aimed, standing behind a tree trunk, Fillow pressed the trigger till the gun was empty. But the sheriff and his deputy had hit the timber now and a return hail of lead chipped the bark near Fillow's head.

"Run!" Fillow snarled. "We'll lose 'em in the woods."

They kept running for a half hour, then stopped exhausted. "Let's climb under this brush and rest!" whispered Sarles. "I'm washed up!"

"We'll hole up here," said Fillow. "Look, it's raining. That'll make it harder for the cops to find us! Besides, it will be dark soon."

It rained hard until five the next afternoon. Fillow and Sarles, looking like the half starved rats that they were, made their way into Nashville, via the railroad tracks.

"We haven't eaten in twenty-four hours," said Sarles.

"We'll eat soon, pal," said Fillow. "These guns will get us food and more!"

They were inside the shopping district now and Fillow pointed toward a light colored new Plymouth. "Get a load of that guy with the bundles! Come on!"

Homer D. Gaylor, hurrying home from his office at the State Capital, had stopped to pick up some new clothing and shoes. Now he anticipated a warm dinner and the companionship of his lovely wife. He did not see the two shadows behind his car until they were close to him. One of the men held a gun against his ribs.

"Get in the car and drive till we tell you to stop!" cried Fillow.

Outside the limits Fillow, who had pressed the gun against the man's back, said: "Stop here and get out!"

Gaylor pulled up to the gutter and breathed a sigh of relief. He could replace the car; it was covered with theft insurance. But his life . . . that would be different.

"Thanks, boys," he said in leaving. "Thanks for giving me a break!" He moved away with his back to the car. A gun cracked and Gaylor raised his hands to his head, then stumbled forward.

Fillow, holding the smoking weapon, handed it to Sarles. "Now you fire one!"

Sarles obeyed. His slug entered the base of Gaylor's skull. He handed the gun back to Fillow. Fillow went over to the body, kicked it into a ditch and fired into the chest of the already dead man.

"Grab the guy's shoes, Sarles," Fillow said. "There's a new pair in the car, besides. And some shirts and stuff. I'll filch him for his dough."

In Nashville again the thugs, in Gaylor's car, pulled up to a bystander. "Is this the most direct route to Florida?" Sarles asked.

Gaylor's body was found on March 18th by Mrs. John Burns, wife of a farmer in the vicinity of the murder spot.

Now Sheriff Tyson recalled the gun battle with the two thugs. Newspapers gave full publicity to the vicious killing and soon a man reported the asking of the road to Florida by two occupants of a light colored Plymouth.

Sheriff Tyson teletyped warnings all down the line to Miami.

Howard Anderson, a rookie policeman of the Lake City, Florida, Police Department, whose department had not yet been warned about the two thugs, came upon them unexpectedly, as they were trying to steal a license plate.

They jumped at the officer's warning and tried to make for the car. Anderson fired. Sarles and Fillow whipped out their guns and shooting began. Anderson returned fire. Soon other police arrived. Gradually they closed in on the hoodlums. Fillow's ammunition gave out; then Sarles'. Cowering like rats, they threw up their hands.

"There'd be a couple of dead cops if the bullets had lasted," said the swaggering Fillow.

On April 30, 1937, he followed Sarles down the last mile to the electric chair at the State Prison, where both paid for their crimes.

THE END

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE SHORT BUT FURIOUS CRIME CAREER OF **IRENE DAGUE** AND HER YES-MAN HUSBAND



STARTING LIFE AS THE DAUGHTER OF A WEST VIRGINIA COAL MINER, IRENE SHRADER DAGUE TURNED OVERNIGHT INTO A MOST RUTHLESS CRIMINAL! WITH HER WEAK-WILLED HUSBAND, SHE EMBARKED UPON A MAD RAMPAGE OF VIOLENCE AND IN A SHORT BUT BLAZING THREE WEEKS OF CRIME, SHE COMMITTED TWO MURDERS AND STAGED FORTY ROBBERIES, OVER AN AREA OF 2,500 MILES! AS DANGEROUS A SHREW AS EVER CHILLED THE HEARTS OF MEN.

IRENE AND HER HUSBAND, GLENN, WERE HOME ON THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 26TH, 1929. THERE WAS A BITING CHILL IN THE WEST VIRGINIA AIR...

SURE, IT'S CHOPPED MEAT! WHAT DO YA EXPECT, SIRLOIN? WE'RE LIVIN' LIKE TRAMPS ON YOUR LOUSY PAY-AN' I'M TIRED OF IT, D'YA HEAR? WE'RE GONNA GET MONEY—IF I HAVE TO ROB IT!

I'M NOT COMPLAININ'! IT'S JUST THAT I WORK-AN' WORK-AN' WORK, AN' I GET NO PLACE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL BE SAYIN' TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW, BUT NOT ME—NO, SIR! THERE'S EASIER WAYS TO GET DOUGH, EVEN BIG DOUGH, AN' I'M GOIN' AFTER IT! IF YOU WASN'T CHICKEN-LIVERED, YOU'D LISTEN TO ME!

GO ON—I'M LISTENIN'! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT—WORKIN' NEVER GOT US NO PLACE!

NOW YOU'RE ACTIN' LIKE THE GUY I MARRIED! FIRST OFF, WE'RE GONNA HOCK EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT, EXCEPT THE RAGS ON OUR BACKS! THEN WE'RE GONNA GET US A COUPLE OF GUNS-AN' LOTS OF BULLETS! AN' THEM GUNS IS GONNA DO OUR WORK FOR US FROM NOW ON!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



GET OUT OF HERE, YOU VARMINTS!

YOU OLD FOOL! I TOLD YA NOT TO MOVE! GIVE IT TO HIM, GLENN! HIT HIM QUICK, BEFORE HE GIVES US MORE TROUBLE!



WE'LL LEARN THESE GUYS WE MEAN BUSINESS! AFTER A COUPLE MORE JOBS THE WORD'LL GET 'ROUND! THEY'LL KNOW THAT WHEN WE WALK IN, THEY'RE GONNA HAVE TO TOE THE MARK!

YEAH, SURE, IRENE! ONLY, LET'S GET OUT, I'M NERVOUS!



WALK SLOW, LIKE WE WASN'T IN NO HURRY! THERE AIN'T NO ONE CHASIN' US!

BUT THERE WILL BE, AN' I WANNA BE CLEAR OUT OF THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY BEFORE THEY START!



WE'LL BE IN NEW CASTLE IN AN HOUR! WE CAN HIDE OUT AT MY AUNT'S PLACE THERE, SO CALM DOWN!

I WISH I HAD YOUR NERVE, IRENE! HEY! LOOK! TROOPERS! HE'S WAVING FOR US TO STOP! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?



COME OUTTA THERE, BUDDY! I SAID, BOTH OF YOU GET OUT! MOORE, FRISK THEM FOR WEAPONS!

WHAT'S THE MEANIN' OF THIS? CAN'T FOLKS DRIVE DOWN THE HIGHWAY, WITHOUT BEIN' MOLESTED BY POLICEMEN?

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A PAIR OF BANDITS, LADY! WE'RE SEARCHING ALL CARS, AND YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION!



OH, YES, I AM AN EXCEPTION! YOU WON'T BE STICKIN' YOUR NOSE IN NO ONE ELSE'S BUSINESS!

AGHH!!



YOU'RE NEXT, YOU DUMB COP! YOU DON'T WANT YOUR DEAD BUDDY TO BE LONESOME!

OH! I'M HIT, IRENE! I'M HIT!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



I'M BLEEDIN' IN THE HEAD! HELP ME, IRENE!

SHUT UP AND GET BACK IN THE CAR! YOU AIN'T HURT MUCH! WE GOTTA FIGURE A WAY TO GET RID OF THIS CAR! EVERY COP IN PENNSYLVANIA'LL BE LOOKIN' FOR US NOW!



DID YOU HIDE THAT CAR ALL THE WAY BACK IN THE WOODS, SO NO ONE CAN SEE IT?

YEAH—NOW WHAT? HOW ARE WE GONNA GET OUTTA HERE, FOR ONE THING?



I'LL SHOW YA! KEEP OUTTA SIGHT! I'LL FLAG THIS CAR DOWN! PEOPLE ARE SUCKERS FOR A LONE GIRL! WE'LL HAVE TRANSPORTATION IN A MINUTE!



CAN WE GIVE YOU A LIFT?

OHH... SHE HAS A GUN!

THE TWO OF YOU, GET OUTTA THAT CAR! I NEED IT!



SEE HERE, YOU'RE GOING TO GET IN A PACK OF TROUBLE FOR THIS!

SHUT YER BIG TRAP OR I'LL KNOCK YOUR BRAINS OUT!

IRENE, WAIT! I GOT A BETTER IDEA! WE CAN USE THEM!



LET'S TAKE THEIR PAPERS—AN' THESE TWO SUCKERS CAN SIT IN THE BACK! THE COPS ARE LOOKIN' FOR A COUPLE IN AN OLD CRATE! THEY WON'T SUSPECT NOTHIN' OF FOUR PEOPLE IN A NEW JOB! HOW DOES THAT IDEA STRIKE YA?

SOMETIMES I THINK YOU REALLY GOT A BRAIN, GLENN!



WE'RE OUTTA PENNSYLVANIA AT LAST, AN' THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU TWO GO, SO CLIMB OUT!

SURE, WE'LL GET OUT, BUT NOT WITH THE CAR MOVING! SLOW DOWN, OR WE'LL GET HURT!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ST. LOUIS, JANUARY 3RD, 1930...



THAT'S TOUGH! BUT WE'RE NOT STOPPIN' FOR NOTHIN', NOW GIT!

DON'T, PLEASE! EEEE!! WE'LL BE KILLED!



NOT BAD FOR THE FIRST DAY! A GOOD CAR AN' OVER 200 BUCKS IN CASH! TOMORROW WE'LL HEAD FOR ST. LOUIS, WHERE NO ONE KNOWS US! THEN WE CAN REALLY GET STARTED!

WE'D BETTER HEAD SOME PLACE! COP KILLERS GET AN AWFUL DEAL, IF THEY GET CAUGHT!



KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNIN'! I DON'T LIKE SHOWIN' OUR FACES, BUT WE GOTTA FIND OUT WHAT PART OF THIS BURG WE'RE IN!

ALL RIGHT, BUT DON'T BE TOO LONG! I'M ALL JUMPY!



THE POLICE IN ST. LOUIS HAD BEEN NOTIFIED THAT THE DAGUES WERE HEADED THAT WAY AND WERE ON THE LOOKOUT!

HEY, MISTER, I'M A STRANGER AROUND HERE! HOW DO I GET TO THE MAIN PART OF TOWN?

DID YOU HEAR THAT? SHE SAID SHE'S A STRANGER IN TOWN! DO YOU THINK THAT'S HER?

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! PARDON ME, LADY, BUT I THINK WE CAN HELP YOU!



IRENE! LOOKOUT! THERE'S MORE COPS!

THE BEST WAY YOU CAN HELP ME, IS DROP DEAD!

UNGH!



C'MON, GLENN, RUN FOR IT—ACROSS THE STREET! WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE CAR!

KEEP GOIN', IRENE! I'M RIGHT BEHIND YA!



SHOOT TO KILL THE MAN—BUT AIM FOR HER LEGS!

IRENE! IRENE! WE'RE THROUGH! I'M HIT!

YOU CAN MAKE IT, GLENN! TRY! JUST TO THAT DOORWAY BEHIND THOSE CARS UP AHEAD!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



YA SEE, THEY WENT RIGHT BY! THOSE COPS AIN'T SO SMART! WE'LL STAY PUT AWHILE, THEN WE'LL DUCK OUTTA HERE! HOW YA FEELIN', GLENN?

MY ARM'S KILLIN' ME! HOW ARE WE GONNA GET OUT OF ST. LOUIS? I CAN'T EVEN WALK! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?



WE'RE GONNA REST UP A DAY OR TWO, AND TAKE CARE OF THAT ARM OF YOURS! THEN WE'RE GONNA ROB ANOTHER CAR AND HEAD SOUTH! THEY AIN'T HEARD OF US DOWN THERE! C'MON, NOW, GLENN, TRY TO WALK BY YOURSELF! YOU GOT ME READY TO DROP!



AS SOON AS GLENN GOT WELL, THE DAGUES STOLE ANOTHER CAR, IN WHICH THEY FLED THROUGH TEXAS INTO ARIZONA, COMMITTING ROBBERY AFTER ROBBERY, AS THEY WENT! ALONG THE WAY THEY PICKED UP JOE WELLS, A ROUGH EX-CONVICT, WHO QUICKLY BECAME THEIR WILLING ACCOMPLICE...THEIR NEW DESTINATION—CALIFORNIA!



IT WAS JANUARY 14TH, NEAR FLORENCE, ARIZONA, THIRTY-SIX ROBBERIES LATER...

GLENN, YOU AN' JOE WILL WALK UP THE ROAD TO THE GAS STATION! I'LL PULL IN AHEAD OF YA! HE'LL HAVE THE TANK FILLED BY THE TIME YOU GET THERE!

I GET IT! HEY, YOU'RE A PLENTY SMART BABE, IRENE! THE COPS AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR A LONE WOMAN! I THINK WE'RE GONNA GET TO CALIFORNIA YET!



GOOD MORNIN', MAM! I'M PART OF A POSSE LOOKIN' FOR A COUPLE OF KILLERS! MIND IF I LOOK AT YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE? WE'RE CHECKING EVERYBODY THAT'S NEW IN THESE PARTS! HOPE YA DON'T MIND, IT'S JUST ROUTINE!

WHAT RIGHT YOU GOT QUESTIONING ME? ANYWAY, HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE A REAL OFFICER?



WHATZ?.. SAY, WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M WEARIN' THIS BADGE FOR, A MASQUERADE? C'MON, LADY, IF YOU AIN'T GOT NOthin' TO HIDE, YOU'LL STEP OUT OF THAT CAR!

I'VE GOT TO STALL HIM, TILL THE BOYS GET HERE!

ALL RIGHT, BIG SHOT, TAKE IT EASY!



LOOK, JOE, A COP! HE'S GOT IRENE COVERED! WATCH ME BLOW HIS HEAD OFF!

WAIT UP, NOW! DON'T LET'S LOSE OUR HEADS! WE'LL JUMP HIM! IT'LL BE EASY—HE DON'T KNOW WHO WE ARE! YOU GET HIM ON ONE SIDE! I'LL TAKE HIM ON THE OTHER! DON'T DRAW YOUR ROD, UNTIL WE'RE ON TOP OF 'IM!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ALL RIGHT, MISTER LAW AN' ORDER, DROP IT!

DROP IT, OR I'LL BLOW YOU WIDE OPEN! AN' DON'T ATTRACT NO ATTENTION! JUST MAKE OUT YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR A LIFT! LET'S GO! DROP THE GUN AN' GET INTO THE CAR!

OH, OH! OKAY, YOU'VE GOT THE DROP ON ME, BUT THE REST OF MY BOYS AIN'T FAR AWAY! AN' THEY AIN'T TOTIN' PEA SHOOTERS!

THE REST OF THIS BULL'S GANG IS RIGHT BEHIND US! CAN'T YOU MAKE IT GO FASTER? THOSE GUYS MEAN BUSINESS!

YOU'RE OUT-NUMBERED AN' YOU'RE OUT-GUNNED! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP, WHILE YOU'RE STILL ABLE TO!

XX@@??XX!! THEY GOT OUR TIRES! I'M GONNA HAVE TO STOP OR WE'LL TURN OVER!

DON'T SLAM ON THE BRAKES TOO HARD, OR YOU'LL WRECK US!

UNGH!! BOYS, DON'T SHOOT! IT'S ME! OOH...

WHY DID YOU MAKE THE COP GET OUT ON THAT SIDE, IRENE?

TURN AROUND AND FIND OUT!

HOURS LATER...

SHHH...LISTEN... I HEAR BLOODHOUNDS!

I HEAR 'EM TOO! THAT MEANS THEY'RE GETTING CLOSE-TOO CLOSE! HOW MUCH AMMO HAVE WE GOT?

THEY MUST HAVE A BIGGER POSSE OUT BY NOW! OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO GET DEEP INTO THE MOUNTAINS!

NOT TOO MUCH—ABOUT A HUNDRED ROUNDS IN ALL!

THAT SHOULD HOLD 'EM OFF FOR A WHILE, ANYHOW! HEY, WHAT'S THAT, A PRAIRIE FIRE?

PRAIRIE FIRE, NOTHIN'! I WISH IT WAS! THEY'RE APACHE INDIANS! THE COPS OUT HERE USE THEM FOR TRACKIN', AN' WE'RE THEIR PREY! THOSE INDIANS NEVER GIVE UP! WE'RE IN A TIGHT SPOT AN' I DON'T MEAN MAYBE! WE'RE OKAY HERE FOR NOW—HOW ABOUT A LITTLE SHUT-EYE?

HOW LONG DID WE SLEEP? BOY, I SLEPT LIKE A LOG! COME ON, LET'S GET UP TO THAT PLATEAU! YOU CAN SEE FOR MILES AROUND FROM THE TOP!

THAT'S A GOOD THOUGHT, GLENN! THOSE INDIANS WON'T BE ABLE TO SNEAK UP ON US SO EASY! LET'S GO!

WHAT IF WE DO GET ON TOP? WHAT THEN? HOW ARE WE GONNA EAT? WHAT ARE WE GONNA DRINK? WHY KID OURSELVES? WE'RE TRAPPED!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



YOU'RE CREPE HANGIN', JOE! OUR LUCK IS STILL HOLDIN'! NO ONE'S SPOTTED US, SO FAR! AN' WE'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE!

OH, NO? LOOK! AN AIRPLANE! HE'S SEEN US!

LAY LOW, YOU SAP! MAYBE HE DIDN'T!



ONE MORE ROW OF STONES AN' LET 'EM COME! THEY COULDN'T BLAST US OUT OF HERE WITH DYNAMITE!

HE CIRCLED US TWICE! JOE'S RIGHT! THAT PLANE SPOTTED US! LET'S GET STEPPIN' WITH THEM ROCKS! WE'RE GONNA HAVE VISITORS PRETTY SOON NOW!



HERE COMES ONE! A RED SKIN WALKIN' RIGHT INTO HIS GRAVE!

YA SHOULDN'T HAVE SHOT 'IM! WE COULD'VE KONKED HIM TO SLEEP, WITHOUT GIVING OURSELVES AWAY!

BANG!



THE PLANE'S BACK AGAIN! DUCK! IT'S DIVIN' RIGHT AT US!

LET'S GIVE UP, IRENE! WE CAN'T FIGHT THAT AIRPLANE! WHAT CHANCE HAVE WE GOT?



GIVE UP, IRENE! LET 'EM COME AN' GET US! WE CAN ESCAPE LATER! WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE NOW!

OH, I'M HIT! OH! OH! I GIVE UP! JOE'S RIGHT! IT'S NO USE, IRENE!

WHY, YOU YELLOW BELLIES! I OUGHTTA SHOOT YOU BOTH MYSELF!



WE WERE WRONG IN GOIN' BAD, GLENN! IT DOESN'T PAY!

IT'S KINDA LATE TO FIND OUT NOW! THEY WON'T REALLY EXECUTE US, WILL THEY, IRENE? THEY CAN'T! YOU GOTTA STOP 'EM! YOU GOTTA!

IRENE AND GLENN DAGUE WERE RETURNED TO PENNSYLVANIA AND ELECTROCUTED FEBRUARY 23, 1931, FOR THE MURDER OF THE TWO STATE TROOPERS. JOE WELLS WAS HANGED IN ARIZONA. THREE MORE MURDERERS FOUND OUT THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

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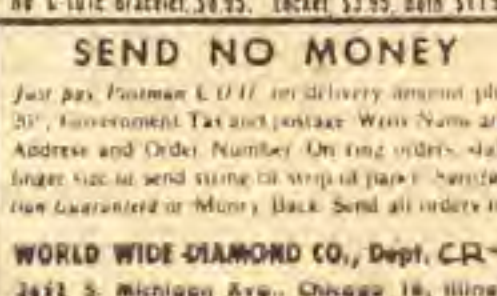
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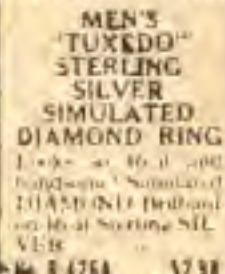
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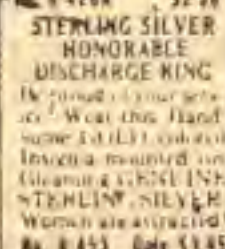
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WHO DUNNIT?

CAN YOU SOLVE THE CASE OF THE MURDERED BATHING BEAUTY?



STEVE VINCENT



DOROTHY WOERNER



SARAH WINCH

BEAUTIFUL KATHY VINCENT WAS FOUND DEAD IN THE EMPTY BOTTOM OF HER RIVAL'S SWIMMING POOL! WAS IT AN ACCIDENT OR MURDER? INSPECTOR DONOVAN FOUND OUT—CAN YOU?



AAGH!

KATHY VINCENT

FRED GUARDINEER



GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. VINCENT AND MRS. VINCENT!

HELLO, FRED!

OH, STEVE, I'M SO GLAD DOROTHY HAS INVITED US OUT! I KNOW NOW SHE ISN'T ANGRY OVER OUR MARRIAGE! YOU TWO HAD A HEAVY ROMANCE! SHE WOULD'VE BEEN YOUR WIFE IF I HADN'T COME ALONG! AM I RIGHT, STEVE?



I GUESS YOU ARE, BUT THIS PROVES YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT DOROTHY HATING YOU! SHE'S TOO GOOD A SPORT! I'M SURE SHE'S HAPPY FOR BOTH OF US! THE CAR IS ACROSS THE STREET! I WANT TO BUY A PACK OF CIGARETTES! I'LL MEET YOU THERE!

ALL RIGHT, STEVE!



FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, KATHY, WAIT FOR THE LIGHTS! LOOK OUT!

HONK HONK

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WHEWW!!

EEEE!!

GOT YOU!

GOY!! YOU DIZZY DAME! DON'T YA WANNA LIVE LONGER? WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T SEE YOU COMING!

ALL RIGHT, FELLOW, MOVE ON! SHE'S OKAY! NO HARM DONE!

KATHY, WITH EYES LIKE YOURS, YOU OUGHT TO WEAR YOUR GLASSES ALL THE TIME!

I KNOW I SHOULD, STEVE! I GUESS I'M JUST A SILLY, VAIN GIRL! BUT WE GIRLS ARE YOUNG AND PRETTY ONLY ONCE! I WANT TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT!

I HOPE YOU DIDN'T MAKE A MISTAKE, STEVE! DOROTHY'S A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, AS WELL AS A VERY RICH ONE! IT'S TOO LATE, THOUGH! NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOU, I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO! THERE'S DOROTHY AND HER EVER DEVOTED SHE-LION, SARAH, WAITING FOR US! HA, I'LL BET SARAH WOULD LIKE TO SKIN ME ALIVE, TAKING HER DARLING'S BEAU RIGHT FROM UNDER HER NOSE!

FOR THE LOVE OF PEACE, KATHY, WILL YOU PLEASE LAY OFF! I'VE HEARD NOTHING ELSE ALL THE WAY OUT HERE! KEEP IT UP AND YOU'RE GOING TO TALK ME RIGHT BACK INTO DOROTHY'S ARMS!

KATHY! STEVE! CONGRATULATIONS! ALL THE BEST TO BOTH OF YOU!

HELLO, DOT! HELLO SARAH!

HMPH!

I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME! WE'LL HAVE A FINE WEEK-END TOGETHER, WON'T WE - JUST LIKE OLD TIMES!

HOW CAN YOU LIE LIKE THAT, DOROTHY? THERE'S A LAW AGAINST STEALING OTHER PEOPLE'S THINGS! THERE SHOULD BE A LAW AGAINST STEALING ANOTHER PERSON'S MAN! IF IT WAS UP TO ME, I'D KNOW WHAT TO DO - WITH A MAN SNATCHER!

SARAH! THAT'S ENOUGH! I'M SO SORRY! DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HER! I THINK IT'S JUST THAT SHE WAS HALF IN LOVE WITH YOU, HERSELF, STEVE! COME ON, GET UNPACKED AND WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, DOROTHY, FORGET IT!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THAT NIGHT, IN THE WOERNER LIVING ROOM...

IT'S BEEN A PERFECT DAY! WHY DON'T WE TOP IT OFF WITH A MIDNIGHT SWIM? IT'S TOO HOT TO GO TO SLEEP! AND I'VE HAD ENOUGH GIN RUMMY!

NOT FOR ME! I'M BUSHED!

SO AM I, BUT YOU GO RIGHT AHEAD, KATHY!



I WILL! YOU TWO ARE A COUPLE OF SISSIES! I'LL RUN UP AND CHANGE!

YOU BETTER BRING YOUR GLASSES WITH YOU, KATHY! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO FIND YOUR WAY AROUND A LOT BETTER!



YOU KNOW, DOROTHY, I NEVER REALLY REALIZED HOW LOVELY YOU WERE, UNTIL TONIGHT! MAYBE...MAYBE I DID THE WRONG THING—IF THERE WEREN'T KATHY, WOULD YOU...

STEVE, YOU'RE A CAD!

BUT...BUT... DOROTHY...

I HATE YOU MORE THAN I HATE KATHY! OH, I DIDN'T MEAN THAT! YOU...YOU... HAD YOUR CHANCE! GOODNIGHT!

WELL, YOU OLD FUDDY DUDDY, I'M GOING FOR MY DIP! SEE, I TOOK YOUR ADVICE ABOUT THE SPECS!

HUH? OH, YES, KATHY, ENJOY YOURSELF! I'M GOING TO HAVE A CIGARETTE AND GO TO BED!



SO LONG, DARLING! SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!

GOOD-NIGHT, KATHY!

I'VE BEEN AN IDIOT! DOROTHY HAS GOT IT ALL OVER KATHY! I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO CHANGE THINGS!

THE NEXT MORNING...

OH, HELLO, STEVE! WHERE'S KATHY?

ISN'T SHE DOWN YET? SHE'S AN EARLY RISER!

HMPH! NO! AND SHE WON'T BE! HER BED HASN'T BEEN SLEPT IN ALL NIGHT!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THAT'S RIDICULOUS! WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE!

I LOOKED IN HER ROOM ON THE WAY DOWN THIS MORNING, AND IT HADN'T BEEN TOUCHED! SHE PROBABLY REALIZED SHE WASN'T WANTED AND WENT HOME!

IMPOSSIBLE! SHE.. SHE JUST COULDN'T GO LIKE THAT!

SHE WENT SWIMMING LAST NIGHT! MAYBE SOMETHING HAPPENED AT THE POOL!

I THINK WE'RE ALL GETTING EXCITED ABOUT NOTHING! BUT LET'S LOOK, ANYWAY!

BAH! NONSENSE! SHE CAN SWIM LIKE A FISH!

THE POOL IS EMPTY!

LOOK! LOOK! UNDER THE DIVING BOARD!

KATHY! SHE'S DEAD! WE'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE!

OH, STEVE! I SHOULDN'T SAY THIS, BUT... BUT I'M GLAD!

SO AM I! SHE TOOK STEVE AWAY FROM YOU AND THEN FLAUNTED HIM IN YOUR FACE! SHE WAS AN EGOMANIAC!

INSPECTOR DONOVAN OF HOMICIDE ARRIVES...

I WANT IT ALL! WHAT HAPPENED?

AFTER SARAH RETIRED, MY WIFE WENT FOR A SWIM LAST NIGHT AND APPARENTLY DIVED FROM THE HIGH BOARD INTO AN EMPTY POOL! WE FOUND HER DEAD THIS MORNING! IT WAS TERRIBLE!

LET'S SEE THIS POOL AND THE BODY! HOW COME NO ONE KNEW THE POOL WAS EMPTY? DON'T ALL ANSWER AT ONCE! HOW ABOUT YOU, MISS? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

I'M DOROTHY WOERNER! I OWN THIS ESTATE! I HAVEN'T BEEN TO THE POOL SINCE THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS EMPTY!

HOW ABOUT YOU, MADAM? DID YOU KNOW THE POOL WAS EMPTY?

NO! I ORDERED IT TO BE CLEANED YESTERDAY! BUT IT WASN'T TO BE DRAINED UNTIL TODAY! I DON'T KNOW WHEN IT WAS EMPTIED!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



I PRESUME THAT'S HER ROBE AND SLIPPERS! DID ANYBODY TOUCH THEM?

NO, BUT INSPECTOR, KATHY WAS VERY NEAR-SIGHTED! SHE COULD HAVE EASILY JUMPED INTO THE POOL WITHOUT SEEING IT WAS EMPTY... BUT SHE DID HAVE HER GLASSES ON WHEN SHE WENT OUT!



I DON'T SEE ANY GLASSES AROUND HERE! I THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK ON THE DIVING BOARD! THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT ALL THIS!



THAT DOES IT! THIS MAKES EVERYTHING CLEAN! IT'S A CASE OF MURDER, PURE AND SIMPLE! I'LL ARREST...



WHO KILLED KATHY VINCENT AND WHAT ARE THE CLUES THAT LED INSPECTOR DONOVAN TO PICK THE MURDERER FROM THESE SUSPECTS?

FOR THE SOLUTION, TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN!

... or see next page ☺



THE END

YES, I DID IT! AND I'M GLAD I HATED HER! SHE STOLE MY SWIMMING AND HER MOTIVE WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH; STEVE VINCENT COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THE POOL BEING EMPTY; THAT LEAVES YOU, MISS WOERNER!

SARAH WINCH COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, BECAUSE SHE HAD RE-TIED EARLIER, AND DIDN'T KNOW MRS. VINCENT HAD GONE SWIMMING AND HER MOTIVE WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH; STEVE VINCENT COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THE POOL BEING EMPTY; THAT LEAVES YOU, MISS WOERNER!



IN THAT CASE, SHE COULDN'T HAVE FAILED TO SEE THERE WAS NO WATER IN THE POOL! FURTHER-MORE, IF SHE HAD PUT HER GLASSES ON THE DIVING BOARD, THEY WOULD HAVE BOUNCED OFF HAD SHE JUMPED! YOU PUT THEM THERE AFTER YOU PUSHED HER OFF WHILE SHE WAS STANDING NEAR THE EDGE!



MISS WOERNER, YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD HER GLASSES ON! WHEN YOU PLANTED THAT ROBE AND SLIPPERS! IF MRS. VINCENT HAD TAKEN THEM OFF AT THE EDGE OF THE POOL, SHE WOULD MOST LIKELY STILL HAVE HAD HER GLASSES ON!

MISS WOERNER, YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CAREFUL WHEN YOU PLANTED THAT ROBE AND SLIPPERS! IF MRS. VINCENT HAD TAKEN THEM OFF AT THE EDGE OF THE POOL, SHE WOULD MOST LIKELY STILL HAVE HAD HER GLASSES ON!

IN THAT CASE, SHE COULDN'T HAVE FAILED TO SEE THERE WAS NO WATER IN THE POOL! FURTHERMORE, IF SHE HAD PUT HER GLASSES ON THE DIVING BOARD, THEY WOULD HAVE BOUNCED OFF, HAD SHE JUMPED! YOU PUT THEM THERE AFTER YOU PUSHED HER OFF, WHILE SHE WAS STANDING NEAR THE EDGE!

SARAH WINCH COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, BECAUSE SHE HAD RETIRED EARLIER, AND DIDN'T KNOW MRS. VINCENT HAD GONE SWIMMING, AND HER MOTIVE WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH! STEVE VINCENT COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THE POOL BEING EMPTY! THAT LEAVES YOU, MISS WOERNER!

YES, I DID IT! AND I'M GLAD! I HATED HER! SHE STOLE MY STEVE! I'D DO IT AGAIN, IF I HAD THE CHANCE!



THE END

ON THE LEVEL



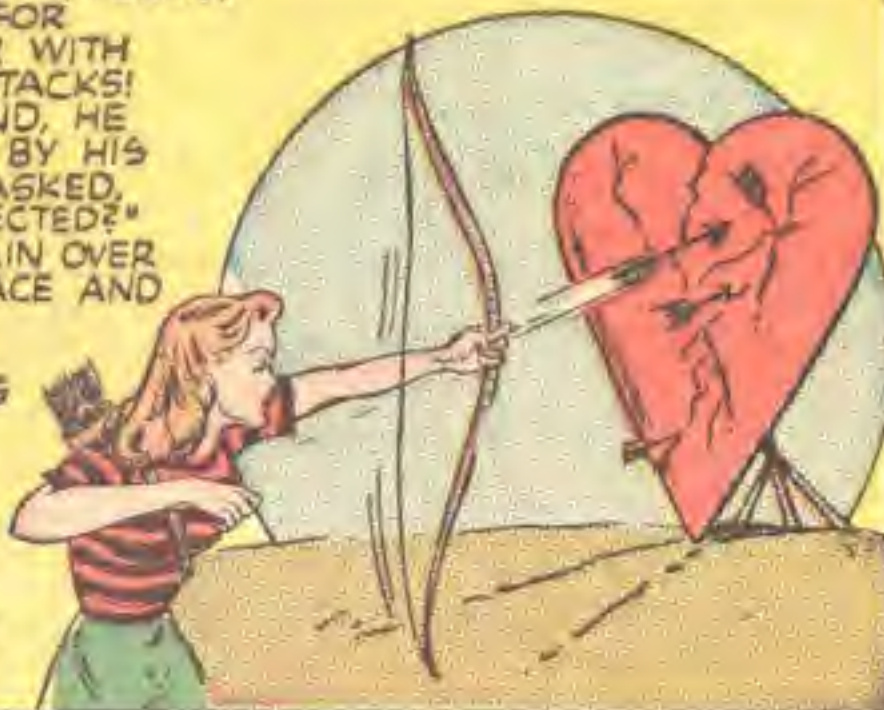
ONCE UPON A TIME, KILLINGS ARISING FROM QUARRELS AMONG POKER PLAYERS BECAME SO RAMPANT IN THE STATE OF OKLAHOMA, THAT THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT SETTling CARD DISPUTES AMICABLY. THEY PASSED A LAW STATING ONCE AND FOR ALL THAT A FLUSH ALWAYS BEATS A STRAIGHT IN POKER. THAT LAW STILL IS IN THE STATUTES OF OKLAHOMA!

WHEN A TWIN FALLS, IDAHO, TELEPHONE OPERATOR REPORTED THAT THE PHONE OF A FEEB STORE WAS OFF THE HOOK AND HORRIBLE SCREAMS AND MOANS WERE COMING OVER THE WIRE, POLICE RUSHED TO THE SCENE, PREPARED FOR A SIGHT OF CARNAGE. THEY WERE DISAPPOINTED! TWO CATS FIGHTING INSIDE THE SHOP HAD KNOCKED OVER THE TELEPHONE!



THE EXPRESSION "DON'T PULL MY LEG," DIDN'T ALWAYS MEAN A DESIRE NOT TO BE BLUFFED WITH EXAGGERATED STORIES! IN EXECUTIONS AT TYBURN PRISON, IN LONDON, WHEN CRIMINALS SWUNG FROM THE GALLOWES THEIR FRIENDS WERE ALLOWED TO YANK THEIR LEGS, THUS CUTTING SHORT THEIR SUFFERING!

E. D. LOWREY OF DALLAS, TEXAS, WAS SLING HIS WIFE FOR DIVORCE, CHARGING HER WITH CAUSING HIS HEART ATTACKS! ON THE WITNESS STAND, HE WAS CROSS-EXAMINED BY HIS WIFE'S LAWYER, WHO ASKED, "HOW IS YOUR HEART AFFECTED?" "I HAVE A SEVERE PAIN OVER MY HEART! IT WILL RACE AND THROB AND CAUSES A PAIN OVER MY TEMPLES AND EVERYTHING GOES BLACK!" ANSWERED LOWREY. JUST AS THE LAWYER WAS ABOUT TO ATTACK HIS TESTIMONY, LOWREY TURNED PALE, HIS HEAD ROLLED BACK, HE GASPED, AND DIED!



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